THREE WEEKS IN EUROPE

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Three Weeks
IN
EUROPE

The Vacation of a Busy Man

BY
JOHN U. HIGINBOTHAM

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John U. Higinbotham

Three Weeks in Europe

LOAN STACK

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PREFACE

Some sort of excuse or apology is due the public or such portion thereof as may read this book.

It was not born a book. It was originally a diary—a mere mass of notes. Consideration for stay-at-home relatives and friends induced some enlargement of original plans and finally, interest in the work itself bespoke for it every spare minute, on railroad trains, in carriages, between courses at dinner and before retiring at night. Still there was no thought of a book. All confessions are similar. No one ever sees the final plunge when taking his first step in crime.

Part two of the confession shifts the blame to some one else. The journal was read to friends, who suggested publication. They did not urge it. They rather hinted that, as modern literature went, no one need despair of an audience and emphasized the fact that it does not require genius to publish a book, but nerve.

Having made up his mind to do it, the author naturally sought a motive which would excuse him to himself.

This is the motive: A great many people overestimate the amount of time, money and preliminary preparation required for a trip abroad. A timid few are deterred by the overdrawn terrors of possible seasickness. But, to quote the boy who played hookey, "what's five minutes' licking to five hours' fun?"

Most books of travel state that you should give three months to Florence, for example, but map out a three weeks' program in that city, in case you are in a hurry. Such works are valuable to the student but they slam the door in the face of the man of business who is fortunate to have three weeks in which to see the whole of Italy. Our country is filled with busy men who appreciate the advantages and pleasures of travel but are kept at home by its fancied difficulties. To such, this book is offered as a proof of what can be done in a six weeks' vacation, nineteen days of which were spent on the ocean. If it opens the slammed door to that class of toilers and reopens it to the author, he will be satisfied. A glance at our itinerary will show how small Europe really is and how much of it can be covered in a short time by energetic travelers.

JOHN U. HIGINBOTHAM.

Chicago, October 1, 1904.

ITINERARY

July 18. Left New York 11:27 A.M.
" 27. At Gibraltar from 9:30 to 2:30.
" 30. Arrived at Naples 8:30 A.M.
" 30. Boat to Capri 9 A.M.
" 30. Arrived Capri 11:10 A.M.
" 30. Left Capri 4 P.M.
" 30. Arrived Sorrento 4:55 P.M.
" 31. Left Sorrento by carriage 8 A.M. via Castellammare to Pompeii.
" 31. Arrived Pompeii 11 A.M.
" 31. Left Pompeii by carriage 2 P.M.
" 31. Arrived Naples 3:30 P.M.
Aug. 1. Left Naples 3:57 P.M.
" 1. Arrived Rome 8:25 P.M.
" 2. } In Rome.
" 3. }
" 4. Left Rome 9:30 A.M.
" 4. Arrived Florence 2:49 P.M.
" 5. Left Florence 3 P.M.
" 5. Arrived Venice 10:40 P.M.
" 6. } In Venice.
" 7. }
" 8. Left Venice 8:45 A.M.
" 8. Arrived Milan 2:25 P.M.
" 8. Left Milan 4:30 P.M.
" 8. Arrived Como 5:33 P.M.
" 8. Left Como by boat 6:10 P.M.
" 8. Arrived Bellagio 8:01 P.M.
" 9. Left Bellagio by boat 8:02 P.M.
" 9. Arrived Menaggio 8:14 P.M.
" 10. Left Menaggio 6 A.M.
" 10. Arrived Porlezza 6:55 A.M.
" 10. Left Porlezza by boat 7:05 A.M.
" 10. Arrived Lugano 8:22 A.M.

Aug.	10.	Left Lugano 9:16 A.M. via St. Gotthard Tunnel.
"	10.	Arrived Lucerne 1:49 P.M.
"	11.	Left Lucerne 6:15 A.M.
"	11.	Arrived Interlaken 11 A.M. via Lake of Brienz.
"	12.	At Interlaken.
"	13.	Left Interlaken 8:07 A.M.
"	13.	Arrived Berne 10:13 A.M.
"	13.	Left Berne 1:40 P.M.
"	13.	Arrived Zürich 4:09 P.M.
"	13.	Left Zürich 4:57 P.M.
"	13.	Arrived Neuhausen 6:34 P.M.
"	13.	Left Neuhausen 7 P.M.
"	13.	Drove to Schaffhausen, arrived 7:30 P.M.
"	14.	Left Schaffhausen 5:12 A.M.
"	14.	Arrived Bale 8:43 A.M.
"	14.	Left Bale 10:22 A.M.
"	14.	Arrived Paris 5:45 P.M.
"	15.	In Paris.
"	16.	
"	17.	
"	18.	Left Paris 8:30 A.M.
"	18.	Arrived Calais 1:05 P.M.
"	18.	Left Calais via English Channel 1:15 P.M.
"	18.	Arrived Dover 2:35 P.M.
"	18.	Left Dover 3:05 P.M.
"	18.	Arrived London 4:55 P.M.
"	19.	In London.
"	20.	
"	21.	
"	22.	Left London 10 A.M.
"	22.	Arrived Southampton 12 M.
"	22.	Left Southampton 12:15 P.M.
"	29.	Arrived New York 8 A.M.

Three Weeks *in* Europe

I

The Start

JULY 18th, 1903, 10:30 A.M. Who can picture the confusion, the noise, the hurry, on the Bremen pier half an hour before a big liner sails? You feel that the work of loading has just started and wonder how any set of men can possibly get the tons of freight, provisions and baggage on board in the allotted time. But that is not your business. If you are wise enough to be "traveling light" in the matter of luggage, you find the gangway that bears the proper label and clamber up with the crowd, have your impedimenta taken to your stateroom, stay in it long enough to feel the delights of proprietorship, and return to the deck to lean over the rail and bask in the envy of those who are not going "this time." For every one who has been drawn thus near the magnet promises himself in his heart of hearts to go "sometime."

At 11: 27 we back out of our narrow slip and paddle slowly down the river in a drizzling rain.

Our steamer was due to leave at 11 o'clock, but its German management is manifested in the deliberate way in which everything is done after you are once on the boat, a deliberation which in no way interferes with accomplishing the ultimate result. Already the feverish haste and excitement of the passengers are calming down as they get a foretaste of the repose which permeates all action on the Continent and contributes more than any other one element to make a foreign trip the thing of rest and recuperation that it is. For example, there is a man who one week ago was tearing across the corridor of an office building for an elevator, fully alive to the fact that if he missed that car, thirty seconds would elapse before another one went past. In three or four days he will be lolling on the hurricane deck with cap off, soaking up sunshine and gruntily refusing an invitation to come down and play shuffleboard.

Your first diversion, after a final wave of handkerchiefs to friends now blended with the mist, is to go to the mail-box and get your steamer letters, telegrams and packages. And here, a word of advice to those who stay at home. Never fail to write a steamer letter to departing friends. In no other way can you

purchase so much gratitude and appreciation at the cost of so slight an effort. Although not half an hour from port, there is a feeling of separation more pronounced than any land journey ever gives—your cables are cut, your "bridges are burned," you are weeks away from home and friends, in fact, although you only left them a few minutes ago. There is no return until after you have seen strange sights and associated with strange people and listened to strange tongues. You are not simply five miles from New York. You are over eight thousand miles from it in the matter of distance to be covered before you will see it again. It is this feeling of isolation that makes you grasp your steamer letters and hurry to your stateroom and read and re-read them with an eagerness indescribable and totally unknown in any other form of correspondence.

We were piped to luncheon by a bugler, and at 1 o'clock peered at Sandy Hook out of a porthole, and a few minutes later passed Sir Thomas Lipton's "Shamrock," lying at anchor awaiting the yacht race. It has since been developed that it is not much of a feat to pass the "Shamrock," even when not anchored.

After luncheon the passengers made a raid on the steamboat stationery and such a

scratching of pens as was made in answering letters! The pilot leaves us about 3 o'clock and will take the mail back with him. So every flat surface is transformed into a writing desk and every one is silent and busy.

Having written up to the last minute and handed our letters to the proper steward, we went below to look at the ocean through our porthole. To watch waves from terra firma is an entirely different matter from watching them toss you and your steamer about like playthings. It is not unpleasantly different, but it gives you a more adequate idea of the force that they exert. Later the portholes all had to be closed, as the ocean was coming our way in buckets. The whistle has just been blowing vigorously. It can't be a cow on the track. Perhaps it's a mermaid.

Steamer chairs, each bearing the name of the lessee, are placed in any desired location on the main deck, and that spot is sacred to your chair. And having so far vindicated your rights, you sit in anybody's else chair you wish, and anybody else does as much for you. You select your seat at table from a diagram and that seat is yours inviolably. Old travelers try to get places at the captain's table and near the captain. New travelers try to get

THE PROMENADE

seats near the door. These last items of information have had the novelty worn off them by years of exposure in travel books, but there will be little that is new in this diary to old travelers. Its hope of success is based on the assumption that many have not traveled and are glad of the slightest details, while to old travelers it will appeal by reason of the opportunities it will afford for correction and criticism.

Some one has brought a phonograph on board. It seems too bad to jar one's nautical enthusiasm with these land-lubbers' devices. It is intended as a present to the Sultan of Morocco. I have very little use for the Sultan, but to unload this machine on him is a pretty severe punishment even for his crimes. Besides, after "Hiawatha" has been ground out until the cylinder grows wabbly and sticks on the high notes and repeats the low ones in idiotic iteration a few times, the Sultan will remember where it came from and authorize his Grand Vizier to wipe out a Christian village or two to steady his nerves. No one can measure the possibilities for mischief that are wound up in that little, wheezy box.

Everything is German on this boat—music, menus, stewards, etc. It is splendid practice

for green travelers. You see, none of the stewards can understand English and you speak nothing else, and so you get quite used to being misunderstood long before you reach land.

Three bells just sounded. I wonder what time it is.

It is really quite rough. The portholes are frequently blotted out by huge waves. Almost every one wants to see *some* rough weather on his first trip. To sail over glassy seas would be as unexciting as to ride in a buggy over asphalt pavements. So most travelers on their initial voyage rather hope to see a mild sort of storm.

And when it comes, if you can get on deck, you ask the captain if he thinks everything is perfectly safe and whether this isn't really, you know, pretty severe weather, and he smiles and says it's never bad weather when a novice like you can stay on deck. Or, if circumstances limit your acquaintance to the room-steward, you ask him if this isn't about the limit in the weather line and how long it will last and whether there is liable to be another one this trip. And he smiles and says, "Yah," or "Goot," or something equally wide of the point, and leaves you thoroughly satisfied that

while it is nice to have had *one* storm, you are ready to cancel all orders for future tempests.

Some one has smuggled a baby on board, evidently very much against its wishes. It is relieving the phonograph at intervals.

Cakes and lemonade were handed around at 4 P.M. to those on deck. The cakes were German and very good, but the lemonade was inclined to be ultra-marine.

We have one hundred and fourteen cabin passengers, three infants, and the phonograph. There are several hundred in the steerage, but of course it is not so crowded as in boats coming west. Neither is it quite so dirty. But you have to see the other steerage before you will believe this.

That baby has a voice! It looks as if we would have squalls all the way across.

July 19th (Sunday) and 20th. The only Sabbath observance consists in the playing of an old German hymn by the band at seven bells for rising and again at eight bells for breakfast. The bells are easily learned after you are on a steamer and are very difficult to master on land dissociated from their constant use. So you will be spared the usual explanation at this point. The "dog watch" which I had so elaborately studied preparatory

to the trip was not in evidence, and the bells rang consecutively from 4 to 8 P.M., the same as at other times.

We are called to other meals by a bugler who goes over the entire ship a half hour before each meal and again a half hour later. One soon acquires a great love for music, particularly bugle music, and listens eagerly for the first note.

This is probably an ordinarily smooth trip, but there has been a steady wind since starting that makes the famous Flat Iron corner in New York seem as calm as the inside of a box, and walking on the main deck is difficult.

Our captain looks the part to perfection. He is large, has a jolly face, ruddy complexion, bushy black whiskers and carries himself like the German soldier that he is. He makes every one feel at home. The German lines endeavor to unite in their captains the qualities of a good sailor with those of a genial host and in this case they have succeeded admirably.

Games are being played by some of the revived passengers. Many pitch quoits or toss flat weights but shuffleboard is the favorite deck amusement here, as on every passenger steamer that floats. Father Neptune has evidently put our nightly stew into the pot and

it is boiling fiercely, promising another night of uncontrollable tossing which would empty the berths of their occupants were it not for the railing. A suit-case lying flat on our table fell to the floor last night, and the noise of sliding trunks reminds one of Victor Hugo's cannon that slipped its moorings on board ship. It takes time to get used to the tumult made by the creaking planks and slamming doors and very early in the morning you can hear barefooted sailors swabbing the promenade deck that forms your roof. But after the third night the noise becomes a lullaby and the rolling makes a cradle that soothes you into the deepest of dreamless slumbers.

July 21st. It is 7:45 A.M. and only 5:15 in Chicago. The passengers adjust their watches daily on account of the half hour's time gained every day. An investigation of the forecastle and hold reveals quite a menagerie. There are a horse and a mule in the hold, and the sailors know as little about the care of these animals as a hostler would know about running a steamboat. In consequence, both animals have stood upon their feet in the rough, rolling weather during the entire trip until to-day, when a passenger suggested a method of procedure which would permit their lying down.

The captain was as grateful as the quadrupeds for the relief. He has had an idea that it would be a kind thing to do, but the rules of navigation provided for no such emergencies, and, being a German, he was helpless in the absence of regulations on the subject.

Not to bore the reader with minute details, one is bound to remark that the chief charm of ocean travel rests in the varieties of people met with on board ship, and nowhere else so condensed, so compactly grouped. And, of course, you have ample leisure to study and compare and listen to autobiographies and argue. One of the steerage passengers who is allowed the freedom of the main deck and is made much of by the ladies, is an African girl who is being taken to Milan by a gentleman who intends her as a maid for his wife. How his wife will enjoy having this type of servant thrust on her by her well-meaning husband is a natural query. Anna Marie is the name of the girl, and she is of the most pronounced Nubian type, with pointed skull and wool of the kinkiest. She speaks Spanish and sings one Spanish song with a dance following that is more unique than attractive. She is likewise the custodian of a bright little monkey, which is chained in the forecastle and is the recipient

ANNA MARIE

of much attention and fruit from the passengers, and accepts all favors with gravity and impartiality. Again the wonder arises, what will the Milanese lady say to a semi-barbarous maidservant plus an active, inquisitive monkey? The monkey chums with a coach-dog puppy. They sleep in each other's arms in sunny spots and have been snap-shotted by all the Kodakers on board. Yesterday Mr. Monkey tried to eat a piece of bread that had been dropped in some salt water, and after making a very wry face, he endeavored to wipe the bread clean with a piece of paper.

Anna Marie has just been coerced by her master into giving her familiar stunt, and the performance itself was not more interesting than the audience and its manner of encouraging her efforts in Italian, English, Spanish, German and French.

Very instructive—if reliable—conversations are possible with travelers from everywhere. The Bermudas, Cuba, and the whole continent of Europe are represented.

Just a word of warning to transatlantic tenderfeet. You are surrounded either by globe-trotters or by more colossal liars than you could find in a returning golf train. If a remark is made about the rigors of a night

spent on the top of Pike's Peak, you are interrupted by an Alpine porch-climber, or mountain-climber (the effect on the morals seems to be the same), and at table or on deck you catch such fragments of conversation as these from blasé tourists: "You will like Japan, and India is all right scenically but has little of historic interest." "It is almost impossible to sleep in the white light of a Norway night. Triple curtains, pinned down, and our faces turned to the wall, hardly relieved us." "I had a friend who got into all sorts of trouble with a kodak in Russia." "The Swedes are the heaviest drinkers I ever saw, while the Norwegians are teetotalers." "You must say 'King of Sweden and Norway' in Sweden, and 'King of Norway and Sweden' in Norway, or you will get into difficulties." What chance has a man to pull the Dells of the Wisconsin or the Mardi Gras on this crowd?

The Gulf Stream is plainly evidenced by the quantities of brown seaweed on every side of the boat. At night, after watching the phosphorescence on the surface of the water for a long time and wondering whether it was fish or seaweed, an appeal was made to the captain. He said, "It is organic substánce," but whether animal or vegetable, his English and

our German were insufficient to determine. Whatever it is, its effect on a dark night is transcendently beautiful, particularly when viewed from the stern of the boat, where the long wake of the vessel becomes a foam-crested path of light narrowing to a vanishing point miles behind us. The stars are beautiful to-night and the comet is plainly discernible. Thus far no schools of fish have been seen. Possibly it is vacation time or else they are studying deeper subjects at the bottom of the sea. Our porthole is open for the first time since sailing and we are disposing of our laundry by throwing it out, thinking maybe it will be washed ashore.

Most of the passengers gamble on the hat pools. Ten persons put in a dollar apiece and each one draws a number from a hat. The numbers range from 1 to 0. The ship's run is taken at noon each day, and the one whose number is the terminal figure in the day's run wins the pool. It is pure chance, absolutely fair, and without any broker's commission, such as you would have to pay on the Stock Exchange. One of the mysteries to a landsman is this daily finding of ourselves, or our location, and depicting it on the chart, while to untrained eyes the ship is ploughing through

unmarked ocean without a sign from one day to another to show distance or locality. It is called "taking the sun," and it is done by the captain and chief officer as the sun crosses the meridian. A sextant is used and they squint along it and put down some figures and come down from the bridge and push a pin with a flag for a head into the chart and thus you can see from day to day just where you are. There! Any one from that description should be able to take the sun.

July 22d. We are getting lazy. It is 92 in the shade, and almost every one is in the shade except the deck walkers. This mania for deck walking is no respecter of age or sex. It soon passes its violent stage with some, while more chronic cases keep it up from shore to shore and begrudge the time they give to eating and sleeping. And no pen can portray the soulful earnestness which they put into it. It is not a mere holiday jaunt. It is a matter of business. Sometimes they long for companionship and they will coax some one from his book to do a few laps with them, but alone or accompanied they keep up the grind hour after hour.

We went slowly yesterday in mercy to the stokers. No labor on earth is more oppressive than that of these men. They are worked in

short shifts but even then they get very little relief when the outer air is as hot as it is to-day.

The Azores will be sighted to morrow and the news cabled east and west that our good ship is safely so far on her journey. Apparently this will be the first news of us, as we have not passed a ship since Monday. This trip is delightful in that it offers little interruptions at the Azores and Gibraltar, but it is frightfully lonesome in respect to passing other ships, dolphins, flying fish, whales, icebergs, etc. We might as well be on the summit of the Rockies so far as nautical accompaniments are concerned.

The steerage is well treated. The band was sent down the other day to lighten their soft Italian hearts and their love of music shone from grateful eyes. Everything is spoken on this boat, perhaps less of English and the truth than anything else. To see foreigners trying to atone for lack of vocabulary by increase of volume is highly amusing.

July 23d. A petition has been passed about and unanimously signed, asking the captain to stop at the Azores for a few hours. We are ahead of schedule and will have to back-paddle otherwise. As always, the captain is

smiling and acquiescent, but knows it is not within his province to improvise stops. Nevertheless, he is glad to see so many fine signatures, is quite impressed with them in fact, and files the document away, no doubt in a pigeon-hole labeled "Petitions to stop at Azores." It would be a simple matter for the owners to arrange this little pause and it would add much to the attractiveness of the trip.

The hours for meals on a steamer may be of interest to dyspeptics. Early coffee is ready at 6 A.M. for those desiring it and then you fast until breakfast which is from 8 to 10. After breakfast you struggle along until 11 A.M., when bouillon and sandwiches are given out by the deck steward. Then, unless you have some chocolate to nibble, you eat nothing until luncheon which is served from 1 to 2:30. At 4 P.M. lemonade and cakes are handed around to the famishing passengers and dinner, a good, substantial dinner, lasts from 7 to 8:30. There are three hours, from 4 to 7, without a bite to eat from the ship's larder. At 9, sandwiches are available for those having the capacity. And after the second day almost every one eats at every opportunity. The dinner is served in courses and requires a full hour and a half and the orchestral programme

THE CAPTAIN

is timed to last through the meal. There is no hurry about anything. There is no trip to the office or club after dinner to make one bolt his food—and you could not bolt it if you so desired. It is brought in on large platters and in courses and passed from person to person by the stewards and until that course is finished, the plates removed, a bell rung and the next course arrives, you can either eat or wait. There is a commendable and universal aversion to wasting time among our passengers. They generally eat.

The chart says that we are now sailing between the Azores but no land is in sight. The deck steward just passed around pamphlets descriptive of these islands and they increase the regret at our inability to land on one of them. Evidence of their proximity was furnished to-day by a bird about the size of a swallow, which is flying in our wake. The weather is hot. The pamphlet says it never gets hotter than 75 in the Azores. We are sailing between them, and it is 90. The pamphlet must mean centigrade.

July 24th. Very cloudy and no land in sight. Amateur photographers hope the clouds will lift sufficiently for snap-shooting.

10 A.M. Land ho! San Miguel on our port

bow. It requires two and a half hours to pass this, the largest island of the group. We are within two miles of shore and many small boats are being rowed out towards us by enthusiastic natives. The passing of a big ship is an event of great importance to these isolated islanders, more exciting in its effects than the advent of the Sunday train in a country town.

There was much argument as to whether our first view of San Miguel was land or cloud. It was covered by a mist and so blended therewith as to be wholly indistinguishable to untrained eyes. Gradually details commenced to appear. Small white spots became towns and then separated into houses, sparkling into white and pink and red and yellow in the sunlight. Ponta Delgada, the principal port, has a fine harbor and indications of industry and thrift abound. A large smokestack marks a good-sized factory building of some sort.

The entire surface of the island, so far as can be seen from the boat, is highly cultivated and the contrasting greens and yellows of vine and foliage, softened by distance and marked into patches by the black lava retaining walls, make a crazy-quilt effect very pleasing to eyes that have gazed on nothing but water for six days.

These retaining walls are a sort of reversed dike, as it were. The problem here is not that of Holland, to keep the water from covering the land, but to keep the land from slipping into the water. Columbus found a harbor in one of these islands during a storm and stopped several days, the guest of the hospitable natives. But Columbus was running his own boat (when the wind would let him) and was not hampered by owners two thousand miles away.

Portugal owns the Azores and they do her credit. The inhabitants are a prosperous, contented, hard-working lot of people and the islands present a lovely picture of thrift and plenty to wistful eyes on passing steamers. A detached fragment of rock, standing up out of the water, about one hundred feet from shore, seems to have slid from the neighboring hills and one can almost see the splash and fancy the ripples receding as they did a few thousand years ago when the actual splash occurred.

We just passed a school of dolphins out for recess. They were going west or we would never have passed them, for they are traveling faster than the boat. They are the very poetry of grace as they curve through the air, over and over again, in long rows.

Twelve-thirty, and the eastern end of San Miguel is again blending with the horizon.

No more land until the coasts of Portugal and Spain are sighted.

We passed a sailing vessel about 9 o'clock this morning. The advantages of steam were apparent as we overtook and passed her but certainly grace and beauty have been sacrificed in achieving speed. There never was a fairer sight than this big three-master under its yards of white canvas.

Traveling may broaden one after its effects have been assimilated but its first tendency seems to be to narrow you into a very positive, dogmatic desire to argue your own side of a question upon neither side of which can there be any certainty. For example, a lot of fellows are trying to convince me that the whale I saw spouting yesterday—positively *saw*—was a dolphin or a porpoise. Could anything be more unreasonable? And that reminds me that every proposition presented is argued good-naturedly until each one has exhausted his side and then they change sides and commence over again.

The Cape of St. Vincent will be sighted to-day. An English admiral whipped the allied forces of France and Spain in these waters and

was made Lord St. Vincent. Any one curious for details can look them up. Nothing is so out of place as historical data in a book of travel.

Our passenger list includes a lady and gentleman from the Grand Opera at Prague and they gave a volunteer programme of great merit in the second cabin saloon last night. There are eight or nine physicians on board, all excellent men and doing no damage in their present environment. We have also a Presbyterian minister, an Episcopal rector and an Italian undertaker from Newark. There does not seem to be any excuse for living at all, surrounded by such "conveniences." The undertaker is great, physically. He is five feet three inches tall, weighs 260 pounds and when he walks the deck the ship "lists" perceptibly. How he ever undertakes among the tenements where most of his patrons die is a mystery.

A German brew-master is returning from an eight months' visit to United States breweries. He is about twenty-four years old and a graduate of the government brewing school in Bavaria. When he first landed, his vocabulary was limited to "No" and "Yes" and "One glass beer." It just sufficed for absolute require-

ments. He now speaks correct English plus a fair amount of slang. It seems that in Munich there are five allied institutions which teach respectively agriculture, brewing, dairying, distilling and horticulture. Think of it! Brewing and distilling not simply countenanced, but taught! And, in the thorough way in which Germans do everything, they send a few selected graduates abroad to gather all of the secrets that the foreign manufacturer is foolish enough to impart. The American is just learning the folly of thus instructing his competitor and many factories are now closed to such sight-seers. Our friend will have two paths open to him when he reaches home. He may become a brew-master in a brewery or a teacher in the brewing school. He says that he has learned many things of value on this trip, in the matter of economical methods of manufacture, and that he will recommend the adoption of much United States machinery, but that in regard to materials used, his country has the advantage; in fact, he claims that most of the beer sold in the United States would be confiscated and destroyed in Bavaria for not being up to the legal requirements in the matter of purity.

Of course a bride and groom are aboard.

They are as alone as Robinson Crusoe amid all the life and play around them. They were four days recovering from seasickness and hated to get well then. It meant sitting up and looking around. He has not been shaved since starting and unless the barber comes on deck and shaves him without separating them there seems to be no prospect of accomplishing it. And even then the razor might slip and cut her!

July 26th. Our second Sunday on the briny. The band is so far Anglicized as to play "Nearer, my God, to Thee." It is indescribably sweet at 7:30 to be coaxed into consciousness by music, at first mingling with dreams and the wash of waves and sounding miles away and gradually growing nearer and separating itself from the noises of the ship, but never getting too near—with always half a ship's length and two decks intervening. And to know that getting up does not mean work—at least it means nothing more arduous than breakfast. Or to lie and look across your stateroom and out the porthole at the white caps and the rocking horizon line, with never a care nor a responsibility, is restful beyond description.

There is always a dearth of news on shipboard. Hence the two Italian physicians who

came to blows—or slaps—in the smoking-room last night are public benefactors. The first thing discussed at breakfast was the fracas and the appearance of the captain's ponderous bulk darkening the doorway, his usually smiling face stern and frowning as he threatened the participants with irons and cut off the drinks of the more belligerent combatant for the balance of the voyage. The captain's medals which he wears so proudly represent real service and when the occasion demands he can "come out strong." One medal was conferred for safely convoying twenty-six thousand troops to Pekin at the time of the siege of the legations.

The Italian doctors were arguing the respective merits of two remedies for seasickness when the trouble started and the instance furnished one solution to the old query, "Who shall decide when doctors disagree?" Answer: Call in the captain.

Cape St. Vincent was sighted at 11:30 A.M. and at once the debaters started to discuss whether it was part of Portugal or Spain. One passenger, who had been over seventeen times and had seen it every time and always in the same place, said it was in Spain. But he was overruled by the atlas which contained a

map, probably drawn by some one who had never been out of sight of land, locating it in Portugal. Our traveler was silenced but not convinced.

The coast is beautiful in coloring but arid, treeless and desolate, as though swept by fiery blasts. Its contrast with vine-clad San Miguel was commented on by all.

An old monastery marks the first point of land sighted but it ran the gamut of argument from lighthouse or signal station to fortress before it was finally classified as a monastery. The brew-master even suggested that it might be a brewery.

Steamers and sailing vessels dot the horizon on every side. A quaint little three-cornered sail of a fishing boat shows us what we shall see later in the Bay of Naples, as numerous as sandflies and not unlike in outline.

Services were held in the dining saloon this morning for the first time. They were fairly well attended but not crowded. Our passengers are orderly and moral and have done very little drinking or gambling but they are not church-goers, apparently. At least, not on such a bright day, with a clear sky overhead and a glassy sea underneath wooing one to rest and reverie.

II

Gibraltar and the Mediterranean

JULY 29th. We anchored at 1:30 A.M. in the Bay of Gibraltar. You need never leave a request to be awakened when the ship anchors. Judging from the sound, they haul the anchor the full length of the boat before lowering it. We were listening for it in our dreams all night and with one accord we found ourselves side by side peering out the porthole in silence at the big rock crouching lion-like and towering fifteen hundred feet above our heads. At 6 A.M. we went on deck. Forty big battleships were in the bay, frowning from under their conning towers, and innumerable land batteries were menacing. It gives one a pretty good idea of England's power on the high seas. Spain is on our bow, Africa on our port, both in plain sight. Tangiers, Tarifa and Algeciras are within a few hours' ride. Places that recently were dots on a map are real towns filled with people and within cannon-shot of us.

A disquieting notice was posted yesterday

to the effect that kodaks could not be landed but the captain says that they may be taken anywhere but into the galleries of the Rock.

The "Grille" has steamed alongside and we will soon go ashore. How quaint and clean the town of Gibraltar looks, nestling on terraces under the great rock—a picture in white and yellow with its black and gray background! The sailors and marines are going through maneuvers on the warships in response to bugle calls. Others are at target practice, firing at flags attached to buoys. What grand echoes roll back from the African mountains! When a machine gun is discharged it sounds like large bunches of huge firecrackers in a mammoth barrel. And see the splash around the target, as if a handful of pebbles had been dashed into the water. Good marksmanship is shown and a degree of accuracy that would not leave much of a ship if exposed to it. This would be a rather more difficult proposition than Manila Bay, but most Americans on board grow chesty (Century Dictionary) and "guess" that Cousin George could handle it.

The Pope has been dead five days. That is the first news since sailing and sad news it is. A private tender brought the information and also brought a grandma and grandpa who were

on tiptoes because one of our passengers was their grandchild whom they had never seen. They had their glasses leveled and the baby was held up at every angle for inspection and seemed to enjoy the show as much as any one. She was a sweet little Spanish-American and cooed and laughed during the whole trip. She leaves us here but the baby with the grievance is a through passenger.

The "Lahn," whose yellow stacks reveal her German parentage, is pulling alongside and will take our letters and souvenir postal cards back to the United States.

The Queen's Chair, made familiar to all readers of "Innocents Abroad," is in plain view. Queen Joanna would have had a long stay of it in that chair had not the English commander gallantly lowered his flag long enough to release her from her oath. The fact that the "Chair" is several hundred feet high and only looks like a chair when viewed from a distance of several miles, should not interfere with any one's enjoyment of a good story.

The tender that took us ashore was so full of guides that it was difficult to squeeze the passengers aboard. They started in by demanding five dollars for the morning's service, including carriage and driver. Some pas-

ALAMEDA PARK, GIBRALTAR

sengers closed with the first offer. The wiser ones did not. Then the price was dropped to four dollars and a few more were gathered in. The pier was getting very near and some guides were unemployed, while some passengers were still guideless. The bottom dropped out of the market, and extra fancy guides, with horse, carriage and driver, could be secured for three dollars. One of the most insistent of the five-dollar chaps finally dropped to two dollars, but the market had closed.

The transformation in our passengers is marvelous. Store hats and new gowns have replaced steamer caps and storm skirts. There may be an occasional wrinkle from the too-ardent embrace of the steamer trunk but we will probably astonish the natives even at that.

When we reached the landing we were saluted by a chorus of Moors, Spaniards and English, selling fruit, Moorish slippers, and alleged Moorish money. The latter looks as though it were home-made, but there is no penalty for counterfeiting when the original is worthless. Some of the coins bear very ancient dates and one marked "78" was said by the over-anxious vendor to mean 78 B.C. When asked how the date was fixed at the time the

coin was made and who knew just how many years would intervene before the Christian era, he said he did not know—that it was long before his time and he could not be expected to know.

Purchases were postponed until after sight-seeing and each guide found his party, rescued them from vendors, and put them into the small, low-bodied, tan-colored vehicles, drawn each by a single horse, in which they were conveyed through the town and to the entrance to the fort. There were only two in our party, so we had an uninterrupted ride. Where four took a carriage in addition to the driver and guide, the two latter had to assist in propelling the vehicle uphill and as Gibraltar is uphill in every direction from the water's edge, it was hard to determine whether the horse was pulling or being pushed most of the time. The streets are very narrow, many of them mere paths or steps cut in the solid rock. We saw few double teams. Heavy loads necessitating more than one-mule power to navigate were hauled tandem. The paving is solid rock, of course, and very dusty and very glistening in the sun. There has been no rain since April. Carriages adopt the English practice of passing on the left. Some little children asked for

pennies but otherwise there was no begging, no drunkenness and no disorder. The first evidence of British domination anywhere is the disappearance of begging and the diminution of intoxication The women are prematurely aged and have uniformly bad teeth. The bright sunlight and white surfaces cause the wrinkles, and having to live on the Rock is hard on the teeth.

Our party, with one or two other carriage loads, were conducted through the galleries of the Rock by a member of the Royal Garrison Artillery, a fine type of a British soldier. Only eight are permitted to travel together. That is as many as one guide can watch and it has the additional advantage of spreading the fees over a larger area. Cameras were left at the entrance and the part shown to visitors is not the essential part of the fortifications at all. Still it answers every purpose of the sight-seer and is intensely interesting. In clambering up to the first gallery entrance we had no trouble in drawing our particular Tommy Atkins into conversation. He was a professional soldier, every inch of him, trained to the minute, but talking rather freely on some subjects better left untouched. However, our own United States has never had occasion

to introduce the deaf and dumb alphabet into its army and navy as yet.

This man had been four years at Singapore and three years at Hong-Kong, and will stay at Gibraltar for three years unless his country wants him to be shot at somewhere else. He was surprisingly outspoken in his criticism of the British war office in its conduct of the Boer war and attributed much of the one-sided slaughter to the short-range guns of the English.

Before we could get any more of his entertaining information, clothed in picturesque language, we entered the first gallery and continued our ascent in the gloaming of a tunnel-like formation that absorbed all of our attention.

The first thing noted when we reached a side gallery with a lookout over the bay was the absence of cannon at this point. We were informed that very few cannon are kept in place in the galleries and those few are of antiquated type. Rings are set in the rock sides of the gallery and by means of ropes passed through these the heaviest guns can be hauled to the highest point of the Rock in ten minutes.

We had lost sight of the fact that a declara-

IN THE MOORISH MARKET

tion of war in these degenerate days is a matter of deliberation, attended by the shedding of buckets of ink rather than blood, and had grown to fancy a sleepless soldier standing by each gun, match in hand and ready to fire. Our mental picture of a needle-like gun protruding from each black aperture had likewise to be erased.

The view afforded from these openings grows grander in an ascending scale. Warships and land batteries, the blue water of the bay, the hazy mountains of Morocco, and the yellow "neutral strip" dividing Spain from Gibraltar are beautifully framed in rock for the tired climbers.

The galleries bear dates at intervals, showing the year when the blasting was carried to that point. The labor of construction was immense and costly and was done by convicts under command of military engineers and officers. It took years of work and cost millions of pounds and many lives and has been impregnable to assault for two hundred years. Just when human ingenuity, strategy or treachery will compass its downfall is hard to predict but some day somebody will blow it out of the water.

Gibraltar has been a British possession since

1704 but the Spanish sentinels pacing on their side of the neutral strip still say, after calling the hour, "And Gibraltar temporarily in the hands of the English." Hope springs eternal and it is so much easier to say it than to retake it and *such* a relief.

After descending the galleries much more rapidly than we ascended them we drove through the town again to Alameda Park. The park is in splendid condition, considering the lack of two supposed essentials to vegetation, viz., soil and water. There are some artistic floral designs, emblematic of Great Britain and Edward VII, and some memorials and statues to commanders who have successfully defended the rock against assault. The next spot shown to tourists is Europa Point. This is the extreme south end of the peninsula and is the summer home of the officers and civil nabobs. There are many fine residences with well-kept grounds and beautiful drives in the neighborhood. Thence our course took us past the immense dry docks, not yet completed, which will hold two ships of the line at one time. Six thousand laborers are employed on this immense structure, all Spaniards having their homes in Algeciras.

The Moorish market supplies eggs and all

sorts of fowl to the soldiers and citizens of Gibraltar. Many ancient Moors were squatting on the ground inspecting and sorting eggs. In most cases they seem to learn all they need to know by simply handling the egg. This is done very rapidly and accurately. In case an egg gives evidence of having seen better days, it is held to the light for a fraction of a second and its fate decided almost instantly. A turkey driver was just starting out with about twenty frightened birds ahead of him. He took them through narrow, crowded streets, past tempting lanes, under the feet of horses and burros, and disappeared in the distance without the loss of a single bird. He carried a long, slender pole with a crook on the end and with it did all the guiding necessary.

The neutral strip is thoroughly neutral in politics, coloring and vegetation. A well-paved avenue crosses it and enters the town of Algeciras. The Spanish customs officers are very thorough in their investigations. Their principal tribulation is with the laborers on the dry dock. These fellows are born smugglers. There is not the slightest necessity for evading the law but their love of trickery manifests itself in the way in which they will scheme to get tobacco across the forbidden line. An

ounce of tobacco will be distributed all over an individual, even his hat and shoes containing some. Bull fights are their principal amusement. They have a large circular arena and fights occur every Sunday. The fight of the day preceding our arrival, when six bulls were killed, formed the principal topic of conversation. Their souvenirs, fans, etc., all have scenes from bull fights depicted on them.

The Moors are hard to photograph. At sight of a camera they throw their big hoods over their heads and run to cover. The impression that they were impelled by fear or pride or superstition was removed when one handsome son of the desert offered to arbitrate on a four shilling basis.

The storekeepers are principally Moors or Spaniards and are great bargainers. They generally ask three times what they should and accept almost any offer. Few of the stores have show windows. Their only aperture is a door. A single counter is set about three feet inside the door and parallel with the sidewalk and most of the stock is on the counter or the few shelves behind it. Many stores display "Selling Off" signs, and a hardware dealer is an "iron monger." A very small store with some extremely cheap-looking frames and

chromos displayed was dignified with the sign "Artists' Repository," and drug stores with "Apothecaries from England" seem to consider themselves entitled to especial confidence on that account.

They have a Jews' market consisting of open-air booths displaying the cheapest and tawdriest jewelry, notions and handkerchiefs. An itinerant tooth-extractor was plying his forceps on the sidewalk in front of this market. Judging from the appearance of the female natives, his services are in brisk demand.

A flock of goats was being driven from door to door and "milked while you wait." No milk inspector needed there. Water is too scarce for purposes of adulteration, anyhow. The street sprinklers are simply barrels on wheels. One pump which supplies them is labeled, "This water not fit for drinking or cooking."

They overload the burros shamefully in this country; but they do that everywhere. Sometimes four large, well-filled baskets were strapped to an animal, leaving very little visible but ears. Two adults were astride of a donkey that they could have carried easily.

There is a rather pretentious theater in operation here and a cheaper-looking, corrugated-

iron summer playhouse is being erected. The entertainments are largely vaudeville to which the local talent at the garrison contributes.

It is time to return to the boat and once more we run the gauntlet of the vendors. The fruit and melons are tempting and the prices low—and they get lower as the time draws near for our departure until for ten cents you can load yourself down. At last we pull away, leaving a pretty well depleted stock of fruit and curios on the wharf.

Our steamer looks odd with canvas-covered decks. She has been coaling from barges drawn up alongside. It takes only a few minutes to hoist anchor and pull out into the narrow strait, with nose pointed to the blue Mediterranean and sunny Italy. We get a new profile of the Rock as we swing past but it looks as grim and gray and unassailable as ever.

As we are straining our eyes to see all we can, a heavy fog drops down on us like a blanket and even the water at the side of the boat becomes invisible. So we go below to dream over the strange sights crowded into a few hours. The fog whistle blows every half minute and we are creeping slowly along. Surely, with the noise we are making and the

A STREET SCENE IN GIBRALTAR

speed we are *not* making, if we run anything down it will not be our fault.

July 28th. Last evening after the fog lifted Morocco and Spain could be seen on opposite sides of the boat but to-day no land is in sight. The next peek at terra firma will be when we sight Sardinia. The passengers are buying Italian small change from the zahlmeister. They will discover after landing that they need more coppers and less silver money. The zahlmeister—better known as the purser—will sell our United States currency to the passengers on his return trip and make a small brokerage each way. It is one of the perquisites of a not overpaid position.

The irate passengers are dreading a repetition of official red tape when Naples is reached. Many of them spend the day there and go on with the boat to Genoa. A few hours' delay means much when minutes are so precious. Over an hour was consumed in examining ship's papers at Gibraltar and passing the shore doctor's scrutiny when, as a matter of record, our passengers had enough robust health among them to lower the death rate of Gibraltar for months, if the contagion of health were only recognized.

At dinner the orchestra played the wedding

march from "Lohengrin" and the heartless passengers applauded the blushing bride until she was forced to stand up and bow. After dinner the band assembled on the main deck and we had our first real big dance. An American passenger whose dancing was learned in the days when the Prairie Queen was in vogue and no one could hold up his head in society unless he could do the Lancers without a prompter, led out the Grand Opera Singer from Prague. She made the immediate repairs with pins—a sort of "first aid to the injured"—and is doubtless sewing the flounce back on her petticoat at this writing. The roll of the boat, the rough boards of the deck and the Bohemian nonreversible step of Madame proved too complicated a proposition for instant adaptation after so long an interval. A Virginia reel was proposed and attempted but Americans were scarce and with Italians it is not a towering success. Sufficient Americans have signed articles for to-morrow night when it is hoped that a real reel can be accomplished.

July 29th. Sardinia was sighted at 10 A.M. There is a never-dying interest in this unfolding of details as a ship approaches land. In no other way can such magnificent perspective and distance effects be produced

unless possibly from a balloon. A small signal station occupies the most prominent point of the island. The coast is as barren and desolate as is that of Portugal or Spain. The water is commencing to deepen into the blue which has made the Mediterranean famous but so far is no bluer than some parts of the south Atlantic.

July 30th. The concert last night was for the benefit of the Fund for Widows and Orphans of Sailors. The cause is a worthy one and there is usually enough talent aboard to make up an interesting programme. Our concert was an artistic success but a financial fiasco. Fifty-one dollars were collected and that will not keep many widows and orphans from want for a very extended period.

At half past ten the captain announced a "polonaisy" on deck and, selecting his partner, led us up and out to a fairyland of surprise. While the concert was in progress busy sailors had entirely enclosed the starboard deck in flags of all nations, making a brilliant-hued hall several hundred feet in length, with the name of the boat across the end. This was brightly illuminated with electric lights and the effect was surprisingly beautiful and impressive. We marched and countermarched

in the wake of the captain and his partner and then broke up into sets and danced until midnight.

There is nothing monotonous about a waltz on a rolling steamer. The most methodical and least assertive of dancers will find himself improvising variations and the irresistible magnet and inevitable anchorage is the rail.

The captain's supper preceding the concert was a big novelty to untraveled eyes. The table decorations and menus were especially elaborate and every course of the meal met with hearty approval. After the plates were removed and just before the ices were served every light in the saloon was extinguished except two in tiny lighthouses flanking the captain's table. Then in the almost utter darkness a hand clap was heard and the table stewards filed in, each bearing a plate on which ices were heaped about a glass cone in the center of which a taper was burning brightly. The ices were of many colors, and the effect as the waiters countermarched was very striking.

Last night's dinner, concert and "polonaisy" formed a fitting finale to a most delightful voyage. Passengers, crew, captain and weather have been such as to produce perfect

ENTRANCE TO THE FORT

harmony. We are assured that we might cross twenty times and not encounter such ideal seas and skies as have attended us for ten days. The Mediterranean has deepened into a shade bluer than the Atlantic, a lighter blue, a blue beautiful beyond exaggeration by pen or brush. It and the sky seem struggling in rivalry, each with a blue of its own trying to outdo the other and each apparently possessed of an inherent and not a reflected beauty.

III

Capri and Sorrento

MANY arose at four and drank coffee on deck and watched the sun rise over Vesuvius. The volcano is not active. It is smoking a little but to a Chicago man Vesuvius in its present condition is a poor show, a weak effort. Ischia and Capri are sighted and passed and the bugler calls all hands to breakfast.

The ship anchors in the Bay of Naples amid a bedlam in boats. Fruit peddlers, smugglers and police launches crowd about in a dense mass. Two fellows in one boat are removing their not numerous garments and appear in swimming trunks or hardly that—trunks would be larger; valises would be a better word. What are they going to do? They jump into the water, swim to within twenty feet of our boat and commence to call, "Money in the water, gentlemen, s'il vous plait." Some one tosses in a penny, one of them dives for it and we have our first hint of how scarce money is in this country and how

low a man will descend to get it. These fellows positively foam in their clamorings for pennies and soon the sport becomes fast and furious. A piece is thrown fifteen feet away from the swimmer but he will swim to the spot, up-end himself and capture it every time. Sometimes he is from thirty seconds to a minute under water and occasionally will exhibit his technique in a fancy touch or two, rising horizontally with the coin flashing between his toes or right side up with it in his teeth. The water's absolute transparency aids in accomplishing all this but they are marvelous swimmers and walk around in the water as if they were on land.

The fruit boats are plying an active trade with the steerage on the deck below. A sly smuggler wraps his business card in some wet burlap and tosses it on board. In a few minutes contraband articles, tobacco and liquor, are being dropped into his boat and concealed under the seat. In another few minutes the police launch approaches with its chief officer standing in the bow in regalia quite dazzling to republican eyes. His craft steams to and fro between the steamer and the rowboats, forcing them back, very much as land policemen handle encroaching hackmen.

What's that? The police have captured three of the smugglers with the goods on them and have taken them aboard and are towing the boat ashore. A wail goes up from the steerage passenger whose treasures have been confiscated and a roar of laughter from unsympathetic compatriots is all the consolation he receives.

There comes the tender and it is soon loaded with passengers and luggage and adieus are waved to friends and to the staunch boat which has been such a good home for twelve days. There is a musical combination on the tender: two men and a very pretty and mischievous-looking girl, the latter singing a French chanson containing evident invitations to a flirtation. Our New York lawyer whose efforts to interest the young ladies on the steamer have all failed, drops a lira into her tambourine and receives his first woman's smile in over four thousand miles.

The Bay of Naples is like glass and conditions are so perfect for a visit to the Blue Grotto on Capri that our luggage is sent to an hotel and we drive immediately to the small landing from which the Capri launch steams in half an hour. A Cook's agent rescues us from a Neapolitan cabbie clamoring for more

IN THE BAY OF NAPLES

"pourboire" and we scramble aboard, a little dazed and feeling more "at sea" than ever. After half an hour in Italy and having transacted business with four or five of her citizens, I have already grown used to constant demands in excess of the just ones and am entering into the spirit of barter with vigor if not with enthusiasm. Everything offered for sale thus far, except possibly railroad tickets, is on a sliding scale and to walk away from a desired article because the price is not right would be highly unbusinesslike. One is tempted to pay one of these vendors on the launch the first price asked in order to see if he would not jump overboard in chagrin at not having asked more. And yet they seem to be moved as much by the love of bargaining as by the desire for money.

The Bay of Naples is headquarters for beautiful coral and tortoise-shell work and the tortoise-shell workers are doing a lively business with a party of Cockney Cook tourists. Thanks to the presence of this latter contingent, the Tarantelle will be danced tonight at Sorrento. The launch stops at the town of Capri where a few natives disembark, and proceeds to the Blue Grotto. The shore line of Sorrento and Capri are strikingly

different from anything in America. The high cliffs ascend straight from the water's edge and are walled all the way up with false windows and arches and zigzag stairways. Then in unbroken lines the walls of the houses continue for three or four stories. Marion Crawford's villa is pointed out to all Americans and those who have felt the delight of his stories are glad to find him amid such beautiful scenes and appreciate why the atmosphere of his Italian romances is so natural.

It seems strange to hand a full-grown adult a cent for some trifling service but you soon learn to do it without a blush. And there is no blush on the cheek of the recipient. Blushing is a lost art in Italy. The only English that this tortoise peddler knows is "vera cheap," but he knows that beautifully. By the way, we found ourselves almost out of Italian money when we had paid our fare to Capri, the small sum procured from the purser having dwindled rapidly. Apparently we were approaching a place where American Express money orders would be viewed as a curiosity rather than a medium of exchange. As an experiment we tendered a dollar bill to the peddler and to our joy we found it was a legal tender and suffered no depreciation.

The blues and greens along the shore of Capri are preparing us for the splendors of the grotto. They are more like vitriol than water. Real bright druggists' window signs approach the nearest to these vivid shades. Such brilliant hues were never seen elsewhere.

Back from the Blue Grotto. We were rowed over from the steamer in small boats manned by ancient mariners who receive a penny from each passenger for the round trip. The entrance is not more than three feet high and passengers and crew lie flat in the bottom of the boat when passing through. The crew ships his oars and tugs at a chain swung from the top of the opening and you are drawn along like a rope ferry. After you have seen the interior and are safely out, a lira is collected from each one and no one was ever heard to say that he had not received full value.

Please do not expect a description of the vision that burst on our gaze. We had read ravings over the Blue Grotto for years, had formed many mind pictures and dismissed them all as exaggerated and impossible. We had prepared for the disappointment that comes from an overwrought anticipation and behold! the half had never even been hinted

at. Where others have failed to convey the slightest idea of the dazzling beauty of this cavern, why need I attempt to paint it for you? You would not believe my calmest statements and my wildest ones would be totally inadequate. The water has a pale, sapphire-blue, unearthly hue that brightens and deepens as you row inward and look back toward the opening. The picture is intensified by splashing the oars and letting the water drip from them. Each bubble thus formed seems lighted from within like a tiny incandescent bulb. The effect is heightened by a small boy in white linen breeches who has the inside privilege of the exhibition and who paddles about in the water for a consideration. He is a veritable little blue devil outlined in sulphurous flames.

The grotto is eighty by one hundred and six feet and forty feet high, and approximately circular in outline. It formerly had a land entrance and was one of the show places when all Capri was the playground of Tiberius. This entrance is now choked by debris and almost forgotten. You find yourself wondering where the light comes from. It is entirely disproportionate to the size of the opening. A very slight ripple closes navigation and makes

the entrance non-negotiable. And yet through this aperture, widening as it descends, comes all the light that you see. I have tried to make the color description emphatic. But what is the use? Paint could not reproduce the scene unless it possessed the brightest tints coupled with the power of radiation. Vesuvius is a disappointment but the Blue Grotto is better than the posters. Perhaps we should not expect an eruption from the old mountain but, considering the distance we have come, it might develop a small rash.

We are lunching at the Hotel Continental on Capri but it is impossible to record gurgles and gasps and as yet our admiration is hardly more articulate. The view is superb. Vesuvius is smoldering to the north, just smoking enough to hold his franchise, with Naples nestling at his feet, so white, so pure, so clean, when viewed from a distance; the bay straight down one hundred feet below us with its indescribable blue, flecked with malachite green wherever a rock or patch of yellow sand shows through. Certainly "every prospect pleases and only man is vile" but he is very vile in this neighborhood. However, let it be recorded that we found a driver who took us to Anacapri, the top of the island, who stopped

whenever requested to do so for photographing purposes; who pointed out the beauties of the scene—and they were legion—and described them in perfect Italian; who was three-quarters of an hour longer than the schedule and who bowed to the earth with gratitude for the small fee added to the legal fare.

We went to Sorrento on the little steamer about 4 o'clock and were rowed in a boat to an opening at the base of the cliff. Following a tunnel for a short distance brought us to the elevator of the Hotel Tramontano. This elevator rises through a shaft one hundred and eighty feet high and deposits you in the patio of the hotel.

The ground floor rooms open on the street level and their windows with little iron balconies are almost two hundred feet above the bay. It makes memories of hilly cities in America flatten out like a dining-room table. We have christened our room "The Porch Climbers' Despair." You leave your windows open with a feeling of perfect security but you would not recommend these quarters to a somnambulist. There are two signs in the room illustrating "English as she is wrote" in Italy: "Please turn out the electric lights when not necessary," and "Please pay laundry

VIEW FROM THE HOTEL AT CAPRI

bills at the office and not to the person remitting the laundry."

The policemen are most fearfully and wonderfully decorated. Imagine Patrolman O'Rourke, at the corner of State and Madison streets, in a Knight Templar chapeau turned crosswise, a la Napoleon, a big rosette in the middle of the turned-up front brim and a sword clanking at his side.

The cheapness of labor is shown by the miles of carefully-constructed stone wall that border the mountain roads on the side towards the sea; well-laid masonry, built as solidly as a castle.

Just fancy driving miles under arching lemon and orange trees in full fruit and meeting over your head, forming a dense arbor. There are whole mountain sides of olive trees with gnarled and twisted trunks, softening the bright green of the slopes to a Quaker drab.

And at dinner green almonds are served in their hulls, looking like green walnuts; green figs, pear-shaped and with pink and white pulp and seeds; and oranges broken off the trees an hour before and handed to you with twig and leaves intact. Everything reminds you constantly that you are under soft Italian skies where the rigors of a northern winter are undreamt of.

The drives through Capri and Sorrento make the Garden of the Gods dwindle to the proportions of a deserted stone quarry. You do not have to look for scenery, nor drive to it. It is not fenced in and entered by a turnstile. It is all around you. Miles of perfect road ascending gradually above the clouds, as smooth as a floor and as hard as granite, with solid rock piercing the sky on one side and a sheer precipice plunging into the water on the other, with the ever-present sea wall protecting the nervous from even the thought of fear; high-walled gardens with lemons nodding at you over the coping, as big as—as—two lemons; peeps at the blue of the bay through the gray branches of olive trees and above all the bright sunlight seeping through and splashing everything in pure gold! It cannot be described in words. It can only be dreamed about in years to come, and hereafter it will break into dull, prosaic surroundings and tinge even them with a glory that can never be erased from memory.

Tasso was born, 1540 A.D., in a room which is now the smoking-room of this hotel. The original walls are still standing which looked down on the crying infant who was to add so much to the glory of Italy. Tasso was a poet.

There is not much information in that statement but it is more than lots of people know prior to their being shown the room. It will give the reader a clue, at least, and afford him a basis for further investigation.

There are many cobbler shops in Sorrento with their proprietors sitting in front, making or repairing shoes. They will average two shops to a block; but very few of the citizens wear shoes. Except the wealthier classes, men, women and children are barefooted. Some little girls had on wooden-soled sandals and in their romping over the pavements made a noise like a horse galloping.

All of the music of Italy is musical whether played on a launch for pennies or sung by the Tarantelle company. After dinner we assembled in the court of the hotel to be entertained. The stage was the pavement, the roof was the sky studded with stars, and the settings were vines and geranium bushes and oleanders in a wild riot of color.

The performance commenced at 9 o'clock and the audience began to assemble half an hour before. Apparently the wealth and refinement of the village were represented. Some of the ladies, young women of decorous behavior otherwise and dressed in the height

of fashion, sat around and smoked cigarettes during the performance or strolled about the grounds with their escorts, holding the little paper pests in their fingers. We glared and shrugged our disapproval but apparently it was as little understood as our Italian and produced no more results than a warning from an official smoke inspector.

Apart from the music the Tarantelle, as an exposition of something wild and reckless, is a fraud, performed by six men who presumably drive carriages by day and six young women who look like laundresses in holiday attire. And these are the genuine Tarantelle people whose pictures adorn the post cards. There were six figures danced and after each figure two musical numbers were given, instrumental or vocal, solos, duets, quartettes and choruses. Each figure was a little faster than the preceding one but the last was not much swifter than our Virginia reel on the boat.

July 31st. The fishermen and women, 180 feet below us, are hustling out their boats and nets. There are four women to a man and the man seems to be superintending. Do these women appreciate their blessings in having a masculine brain to guide and direct and tell them what to do and how to do it? Immense

ITALIAN POLICEMEN

nets, several hundred feet long, are being carried out by boats to be dragged in later and emptied of their prey. When we went to breakfast these same fish still gasping were being offered for sale in the court of the hotel.

The oarsmen stand up in their boats and face in the direction in which they are traveling, one man to an oar, two men to a boat. Some barges laden with freight have oars thirty feet long with two men pushing away at each oar.

Incidentally we witnessed the early morning dip of a convent of young women in charge of two nuns. The bathing costume is simplicity itself and consists of blue flannel waists and knickerbockers. Besides ourselves a holy father was an interested spectator from a much lower landing, about the fourth row in the parquet.

The prevailing priesthood in this vicinity are the Capuchin brothers. They wear long cassocks and wide-brimmed, flat-crowned, long-furred, black hats.

The drive to Pompeii by way of Castellamare takes you past many beautiful villas and grounds and you find new beauties in them when viewed from the carriage. The most pretentious and largest is owned by a Russian

princess but there are many smaller ones that looked less palatial and more home-like.

Castellammare is an ancient village. It witnessed the destruction of Pompeii and harbored many of the fugitives from that doomed city. It was then called Stabia. It abounds with interest to the historian and antiquarian, but the "get-through-quick" tourist has little time to note more than its excellent public fountain fed by a soda spring. A smiling Italian washerwoman left her tubs and polished up a large goblet vigorously and presented it to "Signor," and murmured a musical "Grazie" in return for the penny given her. What marvelous speaking voices these poverty-stricken peasants have! The woman selling coral beads on Capri would have charmed money from a miser.

Our drive was as usual a succession of oh's and ah's. Many beggars were met and passed but only those with long-winded solicitors were successful. The best way to rid yourself of them and avoid being the head of a paupers' parade is to toss a copper as far back in the road as you can and escape during the scramble. Most tourists would be willing to double the five or ten cents that each drive costs for alms and put it into a fund to establish a hospital

where these people could be cared for and concealed. At present they mar every pretty spot out of doors. They select pretty spots as a spider selects sunny ones because there their prey is thickest.

The drive from Sorrento to Pompeii takes three hours and is fairly stiff mountain climbing a good part of the way and the fare for horse, carriage and driver for two people is one dollar and twenty cents to which must be added ten or twenty cents "pourboire." That is pretty cheap navigation even with the beggars added.

After passing the mountains you strike miles of farming country cultivated to the maximum, and irrigated throughout. Grain of all sorts is grown here and the vegetables which add so much to the fame of the hotels in and around Naples come from this neighborhood.

All of the farms are properly ditched for distributing the water which is pumped from a main reservoir or well. The power is furnished by oxen, burros or men. The quadrupeds tread around in a circle and the power is transmitted to a big wheel with buckets like those of a grain elevator around its circumference. These dip, fill and are

emptied into the ditch as the wheel goes around. A small boy does the goading and in order that the animals may not be exasperated by the diminutive size of their motorman they are blindfolded. The wells pumped by hand have a well sweep and double buckets which are lowered, filled, raised and emptied with great regularity by two persons. They are slower than the other method but manage to pour out a great quantity of water. There is certainly no evidence of laziness among these people. Men, women and children are all at work irrigating, weeding or gathering crops.

THE HOTEL TRAMONTANA

IV

Pompeii and Naples

ARRIVING at Pompeii, you first secure a guide through the hotel management. This man takes you almost to the ticket office and turns you over to another person and expects a tip for his trouble. Sometimes disappointment is added to his trouble. Our first man was very refined-looking and announced an intention of coming to the United States for the purpose of perfecting his English. When asked how he would support himself, he said, "By waiting on the table." This was a distinct shock as his erect form and dignified carriage would have graced the regalia of a diplomat. Our second guide spoke less English but was intelligible.

After purchasing tickets and passing through a turnstile you enter the Stabian gate of ancient Pompeii. Out this gate passed the road to ancient Stabia, the same road over which we came this morning. You walk along streets from thirty to fifty feet wide, paved with big blocks of stone twelve inches square

and bordered by narrow sidewalks or none at all The crossings are formed by stepping-stones eight inches high, placed six inches apart to permit the passage of chariot wheels. Deep ruts are worn in the paving by these wheels. A description of Pompeii would be incomplete without the further statement and correlated fact that there are deep grooves in the drinking fountains on the corners, where generations of thirsty toilers and loafers rested their hands while drinking.

There are many beautiful residences, with entrance hall and inner courts profusely ornamented with mosaic. The former owners are unknown in many cases and such houses are named frequently from the mosaic design at the entrance. "The House of the Wounded Boar" is an instance and this boar-hunting idea is repeated in the decorations of the interior. Many have "Salve" in mosaic, even as modern door mats are emblazoned with "Welcome." Passing this entrance you next enter the inner court, ornamented with fountains, statuary and foliage. The bedrooms open off this court. Most houses have an altar dedicated to the particular god retained by the family. One room in the House of Vetius was marked "Priva" and was apparently the

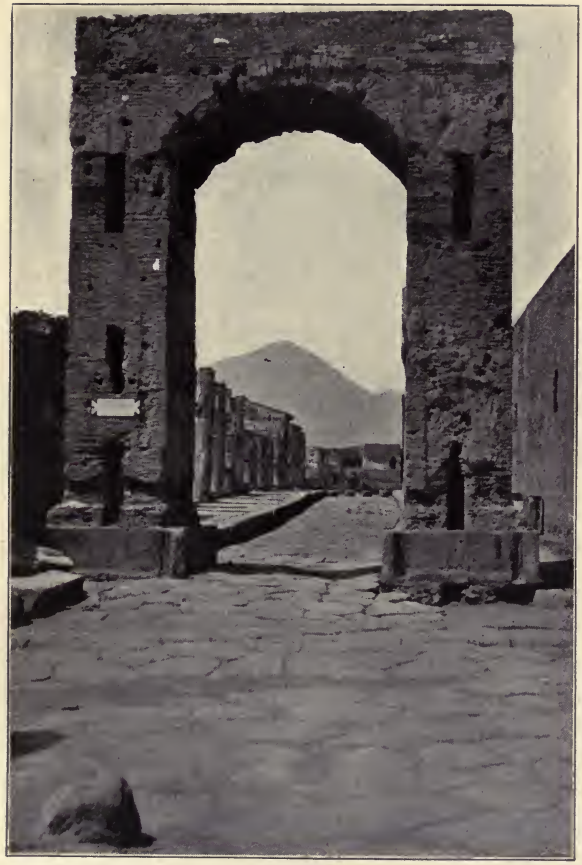
owner's office or den. This same house when first exhumed furnished the best-preserved and brightest-colored paintings. The colors fade rapidly when exposed to the air but these are still beautiful. They are reproduced on the post cards and the best panels are in the museum at Naples. There were no framed pictures in those days. All decorations were painted on the plastering or woodwork and most of the houses have a profusion of them. They breathe a spirit of high art possibly; but in many cases the subjects treated and the publicity given them indicate a low moral atmosphere.

Most of the shops were front rooms in the owner's residence. The business conducted therein is easily determined in many instances. The oil shop with its big, empty cruses standing under the counter, is unmistakable, as is the bakery with its mill for grinding grain and its oven in which twenty loaves of bread and a roasted pig were found almost two thousand years after the baker had fled. The drug store was plainly identified by the two intertwined snakes, a trademark whose origin is obscure but which is supposed to have some connection with the quality of liquor dispensed by druggists. A sculptor indicated his calling by

a small marble plate set in the wall beside the door, with bas-relief figures carved thereon. Only the walls to the height of one story are standing but the absence of stairways indicates that one-story houses predominated here as in most earthquake-visited cities. In one instance a roof has been "restored" and plants are growing in the court to give one an idea of how it once looked. But otherwise everything is as nearly as may be left as it was found. Of course many statues are put back on their pedestals and things are furbished up and iron gates with locks have been placed at the entrance of the best houses to prevent their being demolished and carried away by tourists.

In the gladiators' school a large round stone like a twelve-inch cannon ball lies where it was dropped by the last athlete who "put the shot" prior to November 9, A.D. 79. The arena and theaters are intensely interesting. The former has its various entrances plainly indicated as well as the royal box and the gates through which animals or gladiators entered the ring.

It is hard to realize the centuries that have intervened since this busy city was blotted out. The baths, water pipes and general sanitary arrangements show much that has not been



ARCH OF CALIGULA, POMPEII

improved a great deal since. The bathing tanks were double walled like a refrigerator for maintaining the temperature. Many pieces of iron piping were in evidence, badly rusted but still capable of holding water.

In the museum was much of interest. There were many skeletons of chickens, cats, dogs and people and many bodies are outlined in ashes and lava, and marvelously preserved. In some instances the teeth are intact after more than eighteen centuries have passed. A mother and daughter found as they dropped and transformed into lava by the merciless deluge of death; a Roman soldier; several slaves, as shown by the bands about their waists; these with many others lie in glass cases to be stared at by the curious. Some had their hands up to ward off the deadly rain while others had thrown themselves flat on their faces.

The surrounding country is from fifteen to thirty feet higher than the tops of the ruins. Pompeii was accidentally discovered about 1748 by a peasant who was sinking a well and excavations have been going on ever since and are still in progress. The scraper and shovel work side by side with the exhumed portions and new discoveries are made daily. Over

half has thus far been uncovered but it will take many years to finish. The Italian government owns the site, is conducting the work and receives the money paid for admissions.

Our guide finished on schedule time and we reached the depot at 1:50. The train for Naples, due to leave at 2, was just getting ready to start. They run trains in that way in Italy. We made a rush for the platform and the uniformed official refused to let us through the gates. We did not know the reason and were frantic. The engine bell rang and the train started. A carriage driver proposed to beat it to the next station for five francs. We thought we would enjoy the race and the possible humiliation of the railroad, so we closed with the offer. For two miles our horse went on a dead run. The road was a smooth macadam. There were no obstructions larger than chickens and children and these scattered at our approach. The carriage swung from side to side and at times seemed to rise from the ground, a mere tail to our flying kite. Ben Hur's chariot was a steam-roller alongside of this swinging, lurching, flying phaeton. It was the grandest thing of the trip. We beat the train easily, handed out the five francs and made a dash for the gate. Again we were

barred out and we expostulated and threatened international complications and misbehaved generally. It finally dawned on us, as we watched the diminishing perspective of our disappearing train, that our trouble was due to the fact that we had no tickets. Most sight-seers come from Naples, and are provided with round-trip tickets. We had overlooked that and expected to pay on the train. But rules are enforced in this country in a way startling to an American. I doubt whether these chaps would open their gates to the fleeing multitude if Vesuvius were to repeat its eruption.

But the incident had its compensation after all, for it afforded an opportunity for the best joke of the trip, and B. said it. Others have made fellow Americans laugh but she is the first to awaken the smiles of the natives by a joke spoken in English. She said, "Then give us back our five francs." And how they roared!

This was the last train for Naples that day so we employed the same driver to bring us in, which he did and in advance of the train. His little horse was a marvel of pluck and endurance and there was a mutual fellowship between horse and driver quite charming to see. Once the driver got out and with his

handkerchief carefully wiped the brow, face and nostrils of the horse. Again after a stumble he climbed down, soothed the steed as though it were a baby and made a careful examination for bruises.

The drivers control their horses with an "Ah." To start, stop, turn, scold or praise, always "Ah," but with a variation in expression and inflection.

We are apparently the only guests in this immense hotel. The landlord must have expected a mild form of lunatic for we wrote him a month ago reserving rooms with bath. At this season there is almost no travel in southern Italy and there are no rooms with bath.

After registering in the usual Continental style by writing our names, etc., on a slip of paper brought up by a bell-boy, we went down into the city. To the inquiry whether we meant to return for dinner, we replied that we did not know. Nevertheless we did return and had dinner in the coziest of dining-rooms. A complete menu was served and not another guest appeared. But for my letter the house probably would have been closed for the summer.

Our room is 16 x 40, by actual pacing, and 18 or 20 feet high, estimated. Neither it nor

A NEAPOLITAN SHOP

the halls are carpeted. All floors are bare and of marble except the bath-rooms which are covered with matting.

Italian roads are excellent. They are dusty but they are hard and smooth. Repairs were being made between Sorrento and Castellammare. The laborers go to work very early and rest and eat bread about 9 A.M. The rock wall had been undermined and had tumbled down in spots into the bay five hundred feet below. The workmen were quarrying from the solid mountain on one side of the road and building up the broken wall on the other. Many very small boys were engaged in carrying large rocks from place to place on their backs right at the base of the skull.

As usual the burros are abused and overloaded shamefully. There is a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and it has its cards posted in every hotel but apparently burros are classed as insects. Some queer combination teams of horse and ox are met with and in emergencies a woman is sometimes hitched to a plow with the oxen. It is only just to add that this is only done in exceptional cases when there is some unusually difficult plowing to be done.

The money in this country is printed on cheap paper and is of different sizes like the old fractional currency in the United States. You feel as if you were spending stage money.

The children are clothed very lightly with a single shirt—*not* demi-train—and a coat of tan or trousers of tan would be more accurate. In one instance we saw a five-year-old boy running down a busy street with only the tan.

The cats of Naples are marvelously clean and white and contrast strikingly with the bipeds. Of course the cats make their own toilets and have no smoke or soot against which to contend.

At the hotel the elevator boy does not enter the lift but propels it from the ground floor. The ropes do not pass through the car but it is raised and lowered like a miner's cage. In some hotels the elevator boy goes up the stairs while the car is ascending and patiently awaits your arrival, stopping the car and opening the doors. In addition to the door of the elevator there is a door to the shaft that swings outward on hinges.

Naples is well provided with transportation. She has a trolley, several horse car lines and buses that look just like the horse cars and you feel like assisting them to find their tracks.

August 1. We had quite a time securing a guide. That is part of their system. The hotel manager said he knew of a splendid one and put us into the hands of a porter to find him. In this way they so often put you under obligations to second and third parties for wholly unnecessary services. We warned this chap that we did not need him and would not fee him. He indignantly spurned the idea of his being actuated by sordid motives and stayed on the seat by our driver. After driving to two places and wasting an hour he reported that the guide in question was engaged. We knew then that it would have been cheaper to have fee'd the bandit. We said, "Drive to Cook's." He said, "Won't the signor try my father? He spika Anglais vera well." We said, "No. We don't like the family. Drive to Cook's."

Our Cook guide was selected by a method as simple as it was unsatisfactory. The clerk went to the front door and called. Loafers started from various directions and the first man to cross the threshold was "it." He was past sixty and knew about as much English as we did Italian and knew Naples as little as he knew English. However, there is not much to see in Naples and he did not interfere very seriously with our seeing all we cared to.

Of course we went through the cathedral and saw massive gold and silver busts of saints and bishops. We crossed and recrossed in front of altars where mass was being celebrated and stepped over the legs of kneeling priests but no one seemed to care. A priest showed us around and explained everything in Italian and whenever he would stop to breathe our guide would murmur, "He say," and ramble off into a mixture of about fifty-seven varieties of language while the priest stood by, awed by his marvelous English. And it was marvelous, considered as English.

Then we went to the National Museum where one might spend days in viewing Pompeiian relics but I never have heard of any one doing it. The prettiest things there were the copies on the easels of artists who were making and selling reproductions. Besides the relics there were many pieces of ancient Roman sculpture and paintings by Raphael, Titian and other old masters, which we pointed out to the guide. He would not know a Titian from a McCutcheon.

He did one thing for us that paid us for all his shortcomings. He knew the custodian or janitor of a small private chapel belonging to the Sangro family and he took us there. The

veiled Christ was a beautiful piece of marble representing the entombed Saviour covered with thin drapery. There were many statues typifying Education, Art, Plenty, Modesty, etc. The last-named was clothed very scantily—Italian modesty, no doubt. At one end of the chapel the perfectly flat ceiling is painted to resemble an arch or dome over the altar. There is much relief work and a deep central concavity. The illusion is perfect and you almost doubt the statement that it is a flat surface. If any one but a guide told you, you would doubt it. But to doubt a guide is to rob yourself of something for which you have paid a good price.

Our endeavor to see spaghetti eaten was a failure. Our camera was too potent an attraction and we were transformed so suddenly from spectators to spectacles that we beat a retreat, leaving our small boy disconsolate over the loss of his tip and his dinner.

The Bay of Naples is the home of more submarine wonders than any other body of water of its size, consequently Naples has the finest aquarium in the world. The large glass tanks are filled with fish and freaks and one moment you are lost in admiration of a graceful waving body clad in armor of scales of iridescent

hues and the next you are backing away from some grotesque sprawling nightmare of an overgrown bacillus that looks exactly like things seen under a microscope in a drop of impure water. The attendant fed some of the octopi and their enormous prehensile powers, their apparently unlimited appetite and watery surroundings, formed a picture of filmy repulsiveness difficult to forget.

THE GATE OF SAN SEBASTIANO

V

Rome

IT TAKES about four and a half hours to go from Naples to Rome and there are many things en route to remind you that you are not in the United States.

The engines have two headlights—one to see the other by. They are six feet from the ground and on opposite sides of the boiler. Bricquettes are the only fuel used, for this is a country of little timber and less coal. These bricquettes are clean to handle and practically smokeless. The rate of speed is about half as great as at home and the roadbed is incomparably smoother. It is stone ballast all the way and laid with steel ties, and ballast and ties seem welded into complete union. A letter can be written with ease on one of these rides and what is more to the point can be read with ease afterward. Every crossing is guarded by a gate and these gates are "manned" by women who wear a uniform of long coats, belts and helmets, and lean against their gates with a very mannish pose as the

train goes by. Their flags are sheathed in black leather scabbards when the coast is clear and everything in and about their stations is as tidy as care can make it. The smallest of these stations has its display of blooms in window-boxes, borders of walks or little gardens.

The large depots are provided with a bell and rope while the less important ones have big dinner bells. When the station is cleared of all travelers the agent rings his bell, the engineer responds with a shrill little toot, the guard blows a whistle, the engine toots again and we move on feeling that all due precaution has been taken and that even an Italian has had time to get aboard. When it is added that prior to the first of these preliminaries every compartment has been closed and locked, you can see that "hitching on" to moving trains is unknown in Italy.

Our compartment has seats for six people, three facing each way. The scramble here is for seats with backs to the engine. Most traveling is done with windows open and the backward ride is more cleanly. The arms between the seats can be raised and laid flat against the back of the compartment if you wish to lie down. For night travel pillows and rugs can be rented.

We passed through Aquina, the birthplace of Thomas Aquinas and Juvenal. That is guide-book information and is accurate if not thrilling. Before reaching Rome, which we did by the late twilight which prevails here, we were absorbed in watching the miles of aqueduct ruins with their gradually ascending arches, a monumental evidence of the care and intelligence with which these old Romans built. They were government contracts and are standing yet, after two thousand years have passed. Two thousand years from now, how many of our government buildings will be standing? Some of them may not be finished.

Our train rushed under an aqueduct arch large enough and strong enough even in its decay for the gate of a walled city, and into a modern depot with clamor of guides, porters and cabbies, and we knew that we were in Imperial Rome.

August 2d. We secured an excellent guide through the concierge and started sight-seeing at 9:45 this morning. Our guide's name is Dominico Piergentili. He is a native Roman. He does not hesitate to divulge that fact even to strangers. He imparts it with great frequency and seems proud of it. He looks like a Tammany heeler, has a double chin on the

back of his neck and wears a suit of black and white shepherd's plaid so fascinating that we fear we have missed some of the other sights on our drive. In addition to a complete knowledge of Rome, good intelligible English and surprising energy in covering ground, Dominico roasts Neapolitans in a way that won our hearts. "If they say black, it is white." I suggested that if they say it is worth six francs, it is probably worth three; and he responded promptly, "Only one."

In Gibraltar, Naples and Rome, the stores advertise "sales" in a way that indicates that the love of bargains is not racial but eternally feminine the world over.

We drove along the Corso, the speedway of ancient Rome, the straightaway course which has been the scene of many wildly exciting contests. To be riding along a street of such renown would be thrilling if one were blindfolded. We turned down the "Street of the Four Fountains," past the Trevi Fountain, through the magnificent Borghese grounds to the Villa Borghese

The Trevi Fountain has been delivering pure water to Rome ever since its spring was discovered by a maiden, 28 B.C., and pointed out to the emperor who constructed pipes and

MARFORIO AT ROME

aqueducts and brought its clear water into the city. The fountain is massive, big enough for one side of a palace but not the most attractive piece of sculpture that we saw. A procession of people fill pails and bottles here daily for it is the best drinking water in the city. Romans say that the stranger who drinks of its waters will certainly come back to Rome some day. Another superstition holds that if you toss a soldo into its basin it will insure your return. The latter idea finds more advocates among the guides who will adopt any means to keep your money in the country.

In the Villa Borghese are many priceless works of art. The best pieces of sculpture, to our uneducated eyes, were three by Bernini. We had never heard of any of them, hence our exclamations of delight were from the heart and not from the guide-book. His "Apollo and Daphne," in which Daphne is being transformed from a beautiful woman into a tree, was vividly realistic and needed no interpreter of motives to tell its story. The roots had already grown from her feet and tendrils from her finger tips, while half her body was covered with bark. Above the trunk thus formed her pleading eyes looked downward at Apollo with fearful, imploring

gaze that made one forget that she was insensate stone cunningly carved by man's device, and long to do something to break the spell. Canova's "Pauline Bonaparte" was there, showing to what extent a woman's vanity will sometimes dwarf her modesty. Among the paintings were Correggio's "Danae," Titian's "Sacred and Profane Love," and several by Raphael, notably the "Entombment," a "Madonna," and a portrait of Caesar Borgia.

The grounds and villa passed from the Borghese family to the Italian government by purchase quite recently and the magnificent park under whose trees gamboled Hawthorne's hero in "The Marble Faun" is now open freely to the public. The price paid was less than the value of the single Correggio named above. The export duty on old masters is practically prohibitive and this puts the government in a position to bear the market. If they ever want to pay the national debt, they can easily do so with old masters.

From the Villa we returned through the Porto del Popolo and the beautiful Piazza del Popolo to the Pantheon. This People's Square is symmetrically arranged with duplicate cathedrals facing each other from opposite

sides of the square and twin churches on the side facing the gate. Everything is exactly balanced. I did not verify this but I suspect that they count the beggars on the steps of one cathedral and see that the same number are congregated on the opposite steps. Perhaps they weigh them. In the center of the square is an obelisk brought to Rome by Marcus Aurelius and quite recently, 1589, set up here.

The Pantheon was built by Agrippa in honor of his father-in-law, Augustus Caesar, who, with remarkable modesty for an emperor, said that it was too grand for any mortal and transferred the title to all the gods. It was built B.C. 27, and is the best-preserved ancient landmark in Rome. It is 140 feet in diameter and 140 feet high, and its top is pierced by an opening 28 feet across, which has no covering. Its walls are 20 feet thick and were once covered with marble and bronze. They have been stripped down to the bricks by the various civic and religious plunderers. Part of the bronze was used for making the pillars supporting the canopy over the Pope's altar in St. Peter's.

The hole in the dome admits both sunlight and rain. It is not an uncommon sight to see umbrellas hoisted within the walls. The

marble floor is perforated to drain the water that rains in. The dome of St. Peter's—just the *dome*—is an exact copy of the Pantheon. Raphael was buried here after his short thirty-seven years of life so full of accomplishment. Victor Emmanuel's tomb is here and in this place we received our first reminder of the "home of the free" when the guide pointed out the grave of Humbert I, assassinated in 1900 by an anarchist from Paterson, N. J. It is only fair to say that America did not give birth to the assassin. But she did give him breathing space in which to meet with his kind, mature his plans and bide his time.

It is only a few steps to the Church S. Maria sopra Minerva where Fra Angelico and many Popes are buried. Angelo's Christ which stands in this church is a beautiful piece of sculpture. It is said to have inspired the book "Quo Vadis" but Angelo should not be held responsible for that. There are also many beautiful private chapels herein, one belonging to the Orsino family, well known to readers of Marion Crawford. In the adjacent building were once the headquarters of the Dominican friars and therein was obtained Galileo's retraction—but the earth kept right on moving just the same.

In the Capitoline Museum we saw the Marble Faun, the Dying Gladiator and the Capitoline Venus. The latter has been marred by bungling restorers and the result is a set of fingers out of proportion to the hand. Marforio the colossal river god is the largest figure in Rome. It is reclining at the entrance of the Museum and dwarfs everything around it.

Rome is a city while Naples with a hundred thousand more people is a fishermen's village full of poverty, bad odors and worse morals. For all that, you like the rascals from their big-eyed, long-lashed babies to their chattering old women. They have no conscience, never had any. It is not part of their system. They are innocent of its monitions and blameless for its lack, apparently. They laugh and enjoy to-day and let to-morrow take care of itself. If caught in a dishonest trick and exposed, the laugh is on them, like the vigilance committee that hung the wrong man, and they are chagrined by their clumsiness—but shamed or embarrassed? Never! But for all its "discrepancies" Naples is abundantly worth a visit, not only for itself but as a base of operations for visiting Pozzuoli, Capri, Pompeii, Sorrento and Amalfi.

In Rome there are no "Prezzi Fissi" signs while in Naples the few stores that had fixed prices had to proclaim it with those placards. In the other establishments it is a question of endurance and not value that determines the final price of an article.

The Vatican is closed. The conclave is in session and the public is excluded until the new Pope is elected. Every one has a candidate and even the guides and cabbies argue vehemently the merits of their respective favorites.

Modern innovations do not penetrate southern Italy very rapidly. So far only one automobile has crossed our path and one of those chugging motor-bicycles. A street phonograph appeared under the window where we ate our luncheon and we wanted to throw something at it. One soon drifts back in thought to the times of Nero and the early saints and martyrs and these anachronisms jar on you here within fancied sound of wild beasts howling for the blood of Christians.

Our guide, after taking us through several narrow streets, stopped the carriage in front of a tall building with a tower and with much enthusiasm said it was Hilda's room, where one of the heroines of Hawthorne's "Marble

THE PALATINE BRIDGE

Faun" lived, fed the pigeons and kept the lamp filled and burning before the Virgin's shrine on the roof. He says he never fails to show this building to Americans who are always grateful and read the book on the return steamer.

St. Augustine's was closed, so we did not see Raphael's "Isaiah." We have seen some of his other works, however, and can spare one out of the multitude around us.

The best view of Rome is from the Janiculan Hill. The whole city lies before you in relief work with streets plainly indicated and with St. Peter's the keystone of the structure. It was curious to note that the next most conspicuous building was the Jewish synagogue nearing completion. It was glaringly new and brazenly obtrusive with its huge gilded dome. St. Peter was crucified on this hill and hereon is the monastery in which Tasso died, neglected by all but the brotherhood therein. Human enthusiasm for a great genius generally arrives too late for the funeral. Tasso's oak, under which he wrote "Jerusalem Delivered," is still flourishing, a mute satire on the crumbling things of man's construction around it.

We next drove past scenes crowded with historic bridges, temples and tombs. Our

chronicle here must partake of the nature of a catalogue but we will have to view things in haste and rave at our leisure. Fabricius' Bridge (100 B.C.) seemed a youngster beside the Palatine Bridge, built in 350 B.C. by Scipio Africanus—the first stone bridge ever built. The Ponte S. Angelo is a beautiful structure built by Hadrian day before yesterday (136 A.D.). You almost look for "Fresh Paint" signs when crossing it. It spans the Tiber at the base of Hadrian's Tomb, a colossal structure used since as a fort and now as a castle and museum—the Castle S. Angelo. It is connected with the Vatican by an underground passage.

The Tiber is a muddy-looking stream, as yellow as the Mississippi and once as liable to overflow. There is a mark on the Church of S. Maria sopra Minerva, away up in the city, showing the point once reached by the river during a freshet. However, in his old age, Father Tiber is confined to his bed and safely tucked in between walls of masonry and concrete.

We passed in succession Pontius Pilate's House, later the home of Rienzi, the last of the Tribunes; Temple of the Fortune of Man, built by Servius; Temple of Hercules

(Vespasian), and out the Porto S. Paolo, where we stood in the shadow of the tomb of Cestus, the same pyramid beneath whose cooling shade Paul stopped for a moment on his way from the Mamertine Prison to the place of his execution outside the walls of the city a mile or more from the site of St. Paul's Cathedral. This structure was burned in 1823 and is being rebuilt. Judging from the progress made and the number of men employed, it will be several centuries before it is completed. A supervising architect need never worry over his next job in this country—at least not over his next terrestrial job.

It will be magnificent when it is finished and so much of the interior as is in use is rich beyond computation in mosaic, precious marbles, etc. Just one or two instances will give an idea of the whole. There are four columns of malachite monoliths, forty or sixty feet high and two feet or more in diameter, the gift of the Czar of Russia, and some oriental alabaster columns almost as large, the gift of the Viceroy of Egypt. The malachite could be weighed and valued although the figure would be enormous but the alabaster is simply priceless. Just why a Mohammedan should give so valuable a

present to a Roman Catholic cathedral is hard to understand. Perhaps he wants to "hedge" on possible theological mistakes or maybe he wants to be sure of "having friends in both places."

We left St. Peter's as the crowd was gathering to "watch the smoke." About fifty thousand people collect there and at the close of each day's session of the conclave the ballots are burned. If there has been no election the natural white of the smoke is unchanged. If a pope is chosen they put something into the furnace to darken the smoke—soft coal, probably. Several companies of soldiers are drawn up in different parts of the court to preserve peace but the crowd seems good-natured and orderly. We took a peep in at the windows of the closed Vatican and caught glimpses of the Swiss guards in red and yellow uniforms looking like animated bandanna handkerchiefs. These costumes were designed by Michael Angelo but just exactly why is not explained. Since our visit, there has been a costly fire in the library of the Vatican, no doubt caused by one of these Swiss uniforms being left near some combustible material.

In St. Peter's we saw many men, women, children and babies kissing the toe of the iron

statue of St. Peter. They wipe it with their handkerchiefs, kiss it, press their foreheads against it, kiss it again, give it another wipe and walk off happy. The large toe has disappeared back to the first joint. More than an inch of solid iron has been kissed off.

Our guide called our attention to the mosaics of the four evangelists which line the base of the dome high above our heads. They appear of good size but not enormous by any means and not out of proportion to their surroundings. The pen in St. Matthew's hand is seven feet long. I have since heard it stated six feet. Either is inconceivable to the spectator. It is some consolation to know that there is nothing niggardly about our guide. The mosaics throughout are indescribably beautiful and have all the perfection and delicacy of shading of oil paintings. We frequently expostulated and said, "Surely, that *is* a painting," but we were always wrong. There is not a painting in St. Peter's or St. Paul's. Paint is too transitory and so a school of artists is constantly at work in the Vatican reproducing old masters and other beautiful paintings in imperishable mosaic.

There is a sealed door to the right of the main entrance of St. Peter's. It is opened

four times a century for special indulgences and kept open a year each time, from Christmas to Christmas.

August 3d. We dismissed our guide to-day and took in some of the more distant points in care of a carriage driver. Our course took us along the Tiber past the isle of S. Bartolomeo. This good-sized piece of land has several large buildings on it and is connected with both banks of the river by bridges. We stopped for a moment at the Church of St. Peter in Chains to admire Angelo's Statue of Moses We should not have done it. These masterpieces demand time and study and previous preparation, and to rush in at a door, make a guess at which is Moses, glance at the one agreed upon and rush out, is a much more serious reflection on your higher nature than to omit the visit altogether.

You do not need to be advised as to the identity of the Colosseum when you approach it. You may confuse the Baths of Caracalla with the Forum or one Arch of Triumph with another but the Colosseum is unmistakably itself, drilled into your memory by countless photographs, engravings and paintings, from your first school-book to your last guide-book. Black, solemn, frowning, only a little chipped

IN ST. PAUL'S

or marred in outline, it stands on ground made holy by the early Christian martyrs. It is elliptical in form and immense in size. Its seating capacity was 87,000, and its arena measures 174 by 279 feet. It is particularly beautiful by moonlight when its scars and wrinkles are not so noticeable.

Three men were cleaning weeds from the wall. Two of them lowered the third in a sort of swing and he picked the rank growth from the chinks. They formed a graphic picture of the lost motion in Italian labor. They looked like very small mice nibbling at a very large cheese. An American contractor would have surrounded the walls with blocks and tackles and had it stripped in a week. These fellows move so slowly that it is difficult to see in which direction they have been working.

The Colosseum is on the site of Nero's Baths and the Baths of Titus opposite occupy the ground where formerly stood Nero's Golden House. They build in layers here.

This section of the city is rich in landmarks too numerous to more than mention — the Arches of Titus and Constantine, Temple of Venus, Aqueducts of Claudius, the immense Baths of Caracalla (with a capacity for 1600

bathers), the Aurelian Wall, pierced here by the Gate of S. Sebastian, and the Appian Way.

We jog along this road of macadam or stone or whatever it is, as smooth and hard as cement, as firm and dusty as it was two thousand years ago, when triumphal chariots brought victorious generals home; past the Temple of Mars, the tombs of Drusilla and Cecilia Metella, to the Church of Domine Quo Vadis. This marks the spot where the Saviour appeared to St. Peter fleeing from Rome and by his rebuke caused him to return to certain martyrdom.

The story is a beautiful one and a sacred one and worthy of all the efforts to mark the spot and perpetuate the circumstances connected therewith. But the exhibition in the Church of S. Sebastian, a mile or so down the road, of the footprints of Peter left at the time, belittles the incident and affords food for scoffers. For a lira a priest runs up a small curtain, unlocks a latticed door and exhibits two large footprints fifteen inches long and apparently impressed in solid marble.

Between the Church of S. Sebastian and the place Quo Vadis is the entrance to the catacombs of S. Calixtus. These are not the only catacombs about Rome. There are miles

of them. S. Sebastian has them under her walls but our faith in her catacombs was shaken by the footprint exhibition so we visited those of S. Calixtus. They are the best kept, best aired and least gruesome and have the added interest of sheltering the bones of St. Cecilia whose sweet life and sad death hallow the ground. There are several Popes entombed in S. Calixtus. Those early-day Popes did not enjoy much of the pomp and splendor of their successors. They seldom appeared above ground and were most of them martyred after a very few years or months in the papal chair. The papal chair was probably an earthen seat hollowed out from the side of a cave.

Our guide was a most charming and lovable monk, a Trappist. He had a voice like music and a manner as gentle as a woman, all enclosed in a rough brown cassock held about him by a rope girdle. He had no English to speak of—or to speak with—but notwithstanding he made our trip very pleasant. He spoke French most of the time. He was inconsolable because we were "bad Christians" and not Catholics but expressed a hope of our "moral resurrection," all the time with an apologetic "n'accusation-proposition" that was quite

charming. When B.'s candle blew out, as it did while descending some steps, he said "Ah, see! heretic." He asked if we were Presbyterians? No. Methodist? No. Episcopalian? We said, "No, Chicago." And he threw up both hands in comical despair. Good Brother Sebastian. Our little spark of wisdom will not enable us to pronounce you saved or condemned by your creed but our heart tells us that whatever you believe, the kindly, gentle, pure selflessness that shines from your eyes will certainly open the gates of Paradise for you.

There is much to interest, much to instruct, much to sadden and much to awe one in passing through these underground chambers. They were the retreat of the living, the temple of worship, the resting place of the dead. Many tombs lined the walls, bearing inscriptions and symbolic figures carved on their sealed lids. The figure of the fish—the secret sign of the early Christians—was much in evidence. Some of the tombs were small and held baby forms, others were for adults while in larger ones whole families martyred in a vain attempt to stifle truth were entombed. Places of worship were scooped out of the side of the main passage and the largest chapel,

A TOMB ON THE APPIAN WAY

probably 8 x 12 with its central altar and two transepts, forms the model for cathedrals to this day. The variations are numerous. But there underground, hid from the light of day and carved in Roman clay, is the theme that pervades them all.

We had fine views of the Campagna which stripped of its associations is about as interesting scenically as a Kansas prairie.

One of the marvels of this country in August is the climate. It is very comfortable until noon. Then there are three hours of extreme heat. Every one retires from business during that time. Galleries and museums close and the belated tourist returning to his hotel at 12:30 P.M. passes through a city of solitude without a person in sight. Until 3 o'clock you stay in your room with windows down, shutters closed and the two or three inner shades drawn. At 3:05 it commences to cool off, and the balance of the day is pleasant.

Eighty per cent of the Italian cattle so far seen are white and with long, tapering horns. As in Gibraltar cows and goats are driven from door to door and milked in the presence of the customer.

The Ghetto is characterized by Roman guides as "the seat of infection." In this they echo

the universal prejudice against the Jews. They cannot be any dirtier than the natives unless they put it on with a trowel. The old Ghetto was uprooted and scattered to the four winds but many Jews live in the neighborhood and the new synagogue is located there.

The largest modern building within the walls of Rome is the one to be devoted to the law courts. It is beautiful with sculpture and is on a prominent elevation commanding a fine view of the city.

We have seen only two drunken men in Italy. They were in a part of the city given over to "Osteriae" or wine shops. Wine is a much more common beverage than water. Whole families sit at tables in front of cafés or in gardens and drink freely but the wine is of a mild type and hardly more alcoholic than the grape itself. Lemonade is not an unusual drink. They bring the component parts to you separately. First there is a glass with about an inch of lemon juice in the bottom; then a carafe of water and a saucer of sugar. At this point the voluntary service ends and you start your demands for ice. After a delay, caused not by unwillingness but by scarcity of the article and novelty of the request, they bring a small saucer of ice. You make your

own mixture and season to suit yourself. The juice seems twice as strong as at home.

We let the galleries go to-day and walked and rode through the shopping district. There are many small and badly lighted stores and it is quite common to see customers and salesmen examining and displaying goods on the sidewalk in front of the store in order to get proper light. We had the usual experience of exhausting our Italian on a saleslady only to find that she spoke English. Nothing was cheap enough to warrant carrying it across the Continent. There are bargains in gloves and hosiery in Rome but you should know exact names and localities before arriving or else have unlimited shopping time at your disposal.

The hotel waiters have the most forlorn-looking white cotton gloves which they wear whenever on duty. They fit about like those furnished to pallbearers in America. They are clean but badly perforated. Cleanliness and holey-ness go hand in hand.

Some of the peasant women wear immense gold earrings weighing all of half a pound each. That reminds me that in Naples, Sorrento and Capri, after loading the wagons to the limit of their capacity, they add to the poor beast's burden by placing an ornament

midway of his back—a huge pagoda affair of wood, leather and metal, often two and a half feet high and weighing forty pounds. This has feathers, streamers of colored cloth and bells swaying in the breeze. The music of the bells probably compensates an Italian mule for the added incumbrance. When the load is delivered, the driver turns his burro's head homeward, fastens the reins to a projection on the wagon, lies down and goes to sleep in the bed thereof while his faithful assistant jingles back home. With Italian roads and our moderate grades American horses could move mountains.

We are trying a Roman vaudeville to-night with a cinematograph finale. The performance begins at 9:30 and the box seats are two lire. It is now 9:20 and we are in our seats. The ushers have a peculiar way of signaling each other by drawing in their breath through partly closed lips. The sound produced imparts quite a Hobsonesque atmosphere to the place. The seats are provided with small shelves on which are placed wine, ices or luncheon, if desired. The stage is a small affair and the parquet floor is level. There are two large proscenium boxes. A free translation of the programme (the programme is *not* free) indicates

that after three classical compositions played by the orchestra the entertainment will be carried on chiefly by young lady balladists, Rome, Naples and Paris being represented. The shining and hopeful exception is the marvelous canine "Flaki."

At 9:30 a bell rings long and loud and the people from the tables come thronging in. For this concert hall is in the midst of a garden and there are many tables under the bright lights in front. The leader of the orchestra taps his music rack and starts something by Verdi—and at the same time placidly smokes a cigarette!

It is half over. The best act was that of the dog and his human assistants. A Neapolitan girl sang some songs which we were fortunate in being unable to translate, but did it all with a zest and gayety that marked her as easily the best biped on the bill. The other three "canzonettistae" were evidently in the most robust health and were apparently selected for their courage and weight. Their efforts to skip lightly about threatened to demolish the slight stage and bring them down on a level with their audience at any moment. These three young women actually sang three songs each, leaving the stage after each song and

returning briskly every time and received not a tap of applause! It was the frankest expression of a verdict that I ever saw. In America there is always some tender-hearted but misguided philanthropist to do a little hand clapping for the worst possible performance but in Rome applause means something. The dog was the first one to break through the crust of indifference and warm things up a bit. And even then a fox terrier in one of the boxes started the recognition by barking his approval. Part two started at 11 o'clock, and we reached our hotel at midnight.

Outside the Palatine, Rome is quite like an American city, with trolleys and wide, well-paved and well-lighted streets.

The Romans are expert in admitting light to and excluding heat from their apartments. Rooms have outside shutters, then glass, then solid doors and finally single or double curtains to each window. The carriage tops are similarly double with an outer thickness of blue cloth, an air space an inch wide and a light fawn-colored lining. In every place, high and low, rich and poor, the love of flowers, music and art is apparent. No tenement district is too poor for window-boxes or trailing vines and even the street arabs whistle

snatches of classical compositions and grand opera.

Evidences of Catholicism abound. There are shrines in every city block and about one to the mile in the country. Sometimes they are built into the stone wall bounding a vineyard; again they are hollowed out of the mountain side. Priests of every order and hue of raiment are here. There are 7500 priests in Rome and about 400,000 other people. The brown-clad Trappists contrast in a marked degree with cardinals in bright red gowns and hats. Notwithstanding the immediate presence of the Pope and his retinue there is not the abject individual superstition here that is found in southern Italy where many houses have exterior shrines or where these cannot be afforded the walls are marked with rude crosses in brown or black paint. On many farms between Sorrento and Pompeii the stacks were topped with crosses made of straw. In Rome the reverence is very superficial and our driver would only doff his hat to about one saint out of five as we passed their shrines.

VI

Florence

EN ROUTE to Florence. The traveler is certainly pampered and petted at every step of his progress. At each stopping place he is surrounded by vendors of palliatives for heat in the shape of cakes and cooling drinks. Their voices are musical and their eyes are pleading as they sing rather than call their wares. "Pasta, pasta," cries the boy with pastry and "Vendido di vina" announces the man or woman with a huge tray of glasses filled with iced wines or lemonade. In addition to these are peddlers of a "collation complete," neatly wrapped and meeting all the requirements of the inner man. There are occasional old ladies with daily and illustrated papers in huge bouquets spreading fan-like from the flaring top of a basket hung by straps from the shoulders and of course tobacco in all forms is offered for sale. No peddler sells more than one line. The department store idea is a little too strenuous for these people and this

climate. Each vendor is tagged and numbered and all are under rigid discipline. In many cases you are asked to wait while the peddler runs for change and so far as observed he always returns with the proper amount. Apparently you are safer in the hands of these irresponsible people than in the stores of Rome and Naples.

The scene between Rome and Florence is a panorama of beauty. It seems natural to these people to group even the most commonplace objects so as to produce a pleasing effect. For instance, there are plenty of vineyards in the United States and grapes grow in them and wine is made from the grapes and money is made for the proprietor, as in Italy. But at home we string wire fences at intervals and the grapevines cling to the unresponsive iron and add nothing to the beauty of the landscape or the joy of living. Here we are passing between miles of vineyards on both sides of the track and the vines are festooned from trees. These trees are of uniform size and outline and equidistant from each other and their foliage is of a lighter green than the vine. And there, swinging and swaying in the soft breeze, are garlands of shifting, changing shades, already bending under the weight of

their half-grown fruit. It suggests one continual holiday decoration and makes traveling a delight and does not curtail production nor increase labor in the slightest degree.

We left Rome at 9:30 A.M. and are due in Florence at 2:49 P.M. We arrived at 3 o'clock and were driven at once to the pension recommended to us. We engaged a room, left all of our luggage but the camera and went in the same carriage to see the sights.

At the Uffizi Gallery we spent most of our time in the rooms devoted to portraits of artists painted by themselves. Van Dyck, Rubens, Raphael, Angelo, da Vinci, Titian, Reynolds, Canova and Millais, with scores of others, returned our gaze. If the portraits did not do the subject justice, it was the sitter's own fault. They looked very human after the acres of saints and martyrs that we have ploughed through. Of course there were many busts of the Medici family and much beautiful statuary and several massive vases including the Medici Vase presenting on its surface the Sacrifice of Iphigenia. I would tell you more about this really handsome work of art but that is all that the guide-book tells me. The Hall of Cameos has thousands of intricate and beautiful cuttings and of course there

are old masters, holy families and saints by the score in other rooms of the gallery.

We walked across the Ponte Vecchio, a quaint bridge over five hundred years old and lined with little shops on both sides of the driveway. These shops all deal in jewelry, mosaics and knickknacks of that sort and offer tempting dainties suitable for all purses. The dealers live above their shops and the Arno flows beneath—when there is any water in the channel. The floors project beyond the sides of the bridge and are braced in every direction. This profusion of supports may give security but it produces exactly the opposite impression on the beholder.

We next drove to the Cathedral, Campanile and Baptistery. They are of black and white marble arranged in squares. We instantly recognized the pattern. It is the original of the plaid used in the clothing of our Roman guide. The interior is dark and gloomy—of the cathedral, not the guide—but the stained windows are beautiful with the sunlight streaming through. It was built in 1298 and has been the scene of many stirring events. A Medici was assassinated at the foot of the altar and many other commendable things have been done here. Several popes and other celeb-

rities are buried within these walls but as we had no guide we were not able to identify any of the remains. Michael Angelo's "Entombment" is in this church and every one ought to see it, the guide-book says. We obeyed the guide-book and saw a very striking piece of sculpture or painting, I have forgotten which.

The Campanile is 312 feet high and is ascended by steps. It is superbly decorated with relief work and statues. B. stopped halfway up to get some snap-shots and her breath and I went the full distance. A guide tried to force his unwelcome attentions on me. I could not see that I needed a guide up stairs three feet wide and walled in on every side. I told him that I could not possibly miss my way nor be carried past when I reached the top but he trailed along just the same all the way up and back again and was grieved because I would not recognize his claim for mileage.

The stone where Dante used to sit is shown to tourists. Having seen it and being disappointed by the non-appearance of any thrill, we drove to his former residence. Then we knew why he chose to leave the dark and narrow street where he lived and sit on the stone out near the Campanile. We also saw Michael

PONTE VECCHIO AT FLORENCE

Angelo's house. It is similarly situated and with dark, grated windows. Both buildings have name-plates set in the walls, so we knew they were genuine — like Mark Twain, who knew that the story of the Seven Sleepers was true because he had seen the cave.

Our pension has some different features worth mentioning. It is built around a court and was once several residences. Our room is in a separate building from the one in which the dining-room is located and you descend steps and cross the garden and climb some stairs and go down a long hall and fall over a rug and take the second bump to the left. Really I have paid a quarter for admission to a labyrinth not half so intricate. We have a tile stove and stovepipe of the same white, glazed material. Our room is lighted by a candle— not over-lighted but light enough so that you can see the beds. Everything is clean and the prices are reasonable. The attendants are French and we expect to have a chance to use the French sentence we brought with us. It is not appropriate as it deals with the next boat to Dover or something of that sort but they will not understand it anyway and it will make no difference.

The Italian love of harmony and beauty pops

up everywhere. Even at dinner our Saratoga chips were served in a dish made by weaving shoe-string potatoes together and baking them into a firm receptacle. This had all the advantages of the Irishman's cob pipe which he could continue smoking until its contents were consumed and then smoke up the pipe itself.

The drivers in Italy crack their whips to warn pedestrians and having done that, it is up to the pedestrian to hustle. The driver goes straight ahead and washes his hands (figuratively) of the result. We know, because we were grazed by carriages when stepping off the fifteen-inch sidewalk to pass some one. The streets are narrow and the walks are narrower, so the whip cracking and grazing are practically continuous.

August 5th. The young lady clerk at the pension proved a valuable aid, and with her advice and assistance we had a very full morning. She told us which cabman to select without herself appearing in the transaction. These foreign concierges dare not show any partiality between cabmen or it will react on their establishments. After we had signaled our man, she came out and planned an itinerary for us, translated it into Italian for Jehu and he followed it to the letter.

We first visited Santa Croce, "the Westminster Abbey of Italy," where are buried Michael Angelo, Galileo, Macchiavelli and many other noted Italians. Its interior is a riot of marvelous frescoes in stone. There is a monument to Dante who died in 1321. This monument was erected in 1829. The delay is not explained but the money was probably raised by popular subscription. This dilatoriness is considered a great stain on the honor of Florence. The monument is very large for its age and, the guide-book says, not very beautiful. I wish I could agree as heartily with the guide-books in their panegyrics as I can in their adverse criticisms. I suppose that when anything is bad enough for a guide-book to condemn, it is bad enough for even me to notice it.

Then we visited the tombs of the Medici with a magnificent chapel over them. This beautiful structure was planned to house the tomb of our Saviour could it have been purloined. The idea was to surround it with Medicis in the hope of their getting some credit by the association. But this plan failed and the sacrilege was never accomplished and they sleep there with their wickedness diluted by only one good quality—they are dead; and

like the American Indian, the only good Medici is a dead Medici.

San Marco Convent next received our fleeting attention. Savonarola was prior here and we saw his cell, clothing, books and other relics. Later we visited the spot where he was burned. The Church now admits that it made a mistake and is making tardy atonement by its present veneration for his name.

Most of the cell walls are covered with frescoes by Fra Angelico. These are simple and interesting and cover a vast range of biblical subjects. They show the almost womanly purity of his thought and his absolute devotion to the good and the beautiful.

As in other museums, there are a large number of unnecessary guides and you frequently find yourself under financial obligation to some well-dressed individual with whom you have been conversing.

In the Academy of Fine Arts we were again steeped in old masters treating of Madonnas, et al, but were principally interested in Angelo's David. This was cut from a block of marble that had been thrown aside by another sculptor after having been partly carved. This ability to make over a remnant into something beautiful at once elevated Angelo several

DANTE'S HOUSE

VII

En Route to Venice

WE ATE lunch at 1 o'clock, took a cab at 2, made two other trips and caught the 3 P.M. train for Venice. We changed cars at Bologna and *think* we are in tne right train. But as we did it unaided, we have our doubts. This town is the birthplace of the bologna sausage and very pretty little souvenirs are sold here. They are round and dark in color, with light spots at intervals. We ate several.

Had we not been informed by a friend in America and had not B. remembered it, we would have had no inkling of the necessity for changing cars at Bologna but would have gone straight through to Milan. Whenever I see a poor, dazed emigrant standing around the Polk Street depot after this, with bundles and bags all about him, I shall try to discover what he wants and help him to find it. I will know just how he feels and will take the chances on being arrested for a confidence man.

Our ride from Florence was beautiful. We tried to count the tunnels, but soon grew weary.

They were longer than the light spaces between and just as numerous. We were toiling under and through and over the Apennines and our course was up, up, up, for hundreds of feet, turning and twisting and doubling on our tracks until the Georgetown loop was repeated many times. We caught glimpses of the same pretty village again and again, each time smaller, until it was lost behind some peak. We wound along the Reno for miles, crossing and recrossing its foaming torrent. We saw bare-legged fishermen airing their nets, women washing clothes on the rocks and drying them on the banks and boys and girls swimming and splashing and shouting in the clear, cold water. We saw a rope ferry in operation and a burro loaded to the guards, fording a shallow part of the river. There was much evidence of good husbandry and thriving vegetation and on one farm were ten long-horned white oxen pulling a single plow.

We are in a more exclusive coach with compartments opening direct on the platform. The others had a corridor along one side and you entered at the end of the car.

To return for one more memory of Florence, the Pitti Palace deserves a word of praise. It is the best-lighted gallery we have seen and the

most sane in its arrangements. Other galleries seem to have been constructed as a shelter for paintings and with no thought of light. And in most of them, some game like "Hunt the Thimble" seems to have been played after the catalogue was finished; the idea being to take No. 689 from its catalogued location and place it somewhere else and then let the others try to find it. In the Pitti Palace the lighting is as nearly perfect as can be achieved in a large gallery, the pictures are intelligibly labeled and you are in no danger of admiring the wrong one. Of course it abounds in old masters. There seems to have been no union labor rules limiting the output of an old master and he just painted away on canvas when he could get it and on plastering when he could not get canvas. The palace is divided into halls named from the fresco on the ceiling — "Hall of Venus," "Hall of Apollo," etc. The Boboli Gardens adjoin but were closed. We had a glimpse of their interior, rich in foliage, fountains and statuary and were permitted to take a snap-shot from the gateway.

Well, back to our train. The sun is setting and the sky is touched into all the colors of the rainbow by the brush of the Old Master

ITALIAN RAILWAY COACH

two companions evidently thought my attack was a light one and soon resumed their papers.

A bride and groom entered our compartment an hour or so before we reached Venice. She had on a wide hat with a veil falling around every side of it. He laid his head on her shoulder and went to sleep. She placed her head on his and soon joined him in slumber. Then her veil would tickle his ear and he would brush at it without opening his eyes. In Italy when you feel anything creeping over you, you never attribute it to a veil. Finally, still asleep, he turned up his coat collar but our laughter awakened them and they sat up in indignant but silent protest against the charge of having nodded. It is not very funny told in this way but it was ludicrous to look at.

VIII

Venice

WE REACHED Venice at 11:15 and from the very first it was altogether and completely satisfying and different from anything we had ever seen. Barring the mosquitoes (which we do with canopy-topped beds) we would like to buy and settle right here. The real estate is very low and within reach of any one in a diving suit.

The train approaches the terminal station over miles of culverts built in the lagoon and between scores of islands not built up or cultivated. It is the back door of Venice. Her splendid front door, the Piazzetta with the monoliths of the Lion and St. Theodore, is seldom the means of approach now but it still swings open and you enjoy sitting on the front steps and drawing mind pictures of the fleets which once swept proudly past. We were rowed from the depot to our hotel in a gondola, and under the full moon and the lights of the Grand Canal we gasped "It's all true—and more." It is more .than our fancy pic-

tured it. It is so utterly unique, so different, so inadequately depicted, that we hardly had the basis for an idea. It is a dream from which no amount of pinching will awaken you—for it is all real! The Grand Canal winds like a letter S, dividing the town into two unequal parts and our gondolier "cut across lots" frequently, giving us a good view of the smaller canals and then pulled out between the bright lights of the Grand Canal where we would gasp like fish out of water.

August 6th. We are up bright and early and gazing on the Grand Canal. There is quite a cab stand for gondolas in front of our hotel. There are twenty or thirty of them and the gondoliers are brushing up their boats and themselves and getting ready for business. Well-filled steam launches are plying back and forth with passengers en route to their daily labor. Water everywhere. Our room faces the Grand Canal and opposite is beautiful S. Maria della Salute, next to St. Mark's the largest church in Venice. They showed us a room on "the garden." The idea! It is not much of a garden anyhow—just an imitation, a sort of Venetian blind—but if it had been the finest garden in the world it could not lure us away from this view of the water.

THE PIGEONS OF ST. MARK'S

In Italy they number the hours from 1 to 24 continuously, doing away with our old friends A.M. and P.M. Galleries are open from 10 to 16 while many theaters advertise performances beginning at fifteen minutes past 21.

We went first to the Doge's Palace and St. Mark's Square. We asked the concierge to hail a gondola for the trip but he told us of a land route starting between our hotel and the next one and following a walk two feet wide for half a block. Then it emerged on a street thirty feet wide, lined with shops of all sorts. After following this for two or three blocks and across a pretty arched bridge, we passed through an arcade and were face to face with St. Mark's Cathedral.

But in order to give things their proper proportions—or the proportions assumed in our eyes—I must say that both palace and church are dwarfed in B.'s view by the pigeons of St. Mark's Square—with the accent on the p-i-g. They are enormous eaters. There are thousands of them and with a cent's worth of corn in a cornucopia you can cover yourself with them. They walk all over your head, shoulders and arms and dispute every step you take in their scramble for kernels. They are absolutely fearless, having been the wards of

Venice for centuries and protected by law since their ancestors brought back the news of Dandolo's victories over the Turks—the first war correspondents of whom we have authentic record. There are no vehicles or horses to frighten them and the few dogs in sight seem to understand the situation and make no disturbance. B. is in paradise with the flutter of wings all about her. Give her ten cents and the liberty of St. Mark's Square and you can have all the galleries in Venice.

In St. Mark's Cathedral they were celebrating a special high mass in honor of Pius X who was elected Pope the day we left Rome and who was a Venetian cardinal, Sarto. He is much esteemed by all the people in Venice and has earned his present eminence by study, devotion and hard work. His people are of the peasant class and he is especially loved among the poor for his charities and his unassuming manners.

We listened to the mass but as B.'s education along that line has been entirely neglected, her questions were as numerous as those of a girl at her first football game and so we strolled through the church. The mosaic paving has been undermined by the action of the water until it is very uneven and

you have to watch your steps to avoid stumbling. In fact, the whole structure is so literally on its last piles as to render the rebuilding of the fallen Campanile highly improbable. Personally, I am glad of it. The Square is much handsomer and more symmetrical without it. Most of the paintings show the Campanile and it must have thrown the whole scene out of plumb.

The remains of St. Mark lie in the church or else the guides do. Some of St. Mark is at Florence and some at St. Peter's and there are fragments of him all over Italy but Venice has more of him than any other city. The decorations of the church—statues, mosaics, etc.—represent incalculable wealth and years of plunder in the name of Christianity. Relics from every land are worked up into one grand design and I think the ten commandments have been utilized for mosaics. At least, they have all been broken in lining this glorious interior. The four bronze horses over the west entrance are the only horses in Venice and to many Venetians represent animals as mythical as the unicorn.

Our guide from purely disinterested motives took us through several turns and over short bridges to a glass factory. We saw much beau-

tiful glass and mosaic and saw the process of manufacture of both. A glass souvenir with date and initial "blown in the bottle" was fabricated while we watched and presented to us. We went upstairs, where furniture was being ornately carved and finally escaped without spending a cent. But oh! the artful Venetians knew that the seed was sown and counted confidently on our return.

Then to the Doge's Palace. We entered the court of the palace through the Gate of the Placard whereon were once posted the edicts of the Republic; ascended the Giants' Staircase down which, say some, the detached head of Faliero rolled but which, say others, was not built for more than a hundred years after he lost his head. Take your choice. After passing half the length of the portico we ascended the Golden Stairs. These are not golden but are so called because at one time those only whose names were recorded in "The Golden Book" were allowed to use them. All others were delivered in the rear, along with the groceries. Then, omitting all mention of numerous galleries and the like, we passed through the Hall of the Grand Council and the Hall of Elections into a hall adjoining the Hall of the Council of Ten. In this room

there is an opening in the wall—the throat of the Lion's Mouth. The Lion's Mouth is a slot on the outer wall, into which were dropped anonymous accusations which in those suspicious days were practically death warrants. We reached our hands into the chilling interior but found no names there. I wanted to deposit the name of the station agent at Pompeii who kept us from the train but was told that the grand jury had not been called together for centuries and would probably never meet again. It is too bad. They ought to have one more meeting and fix that fellow.

We went into the Hall of the Ten and then into the Hall of the Three. The smaller the hall, the larger its capacity for distilling dark crimes and assassinations. We saw the trap-doors in the floor whose purpose the guide all too graphically portrayed and peeked down secret passages connected with the dungeons. We crossed the Bridge of Sighs (very small size) with all its gruesome associations, with its central partition dividing those coming from their death sentences from those going to theirs. Only two classes of prisoners crossed it. No hung juries, no appeals, no new trials. If a man's guilt were not proven, the outrage

of his arrest must not be spread abroad and he was sentenced anyway.

We went through the prison and down into the dungeons below the water line. Even in their present furbished-up condition and with lamps burning, they are not cheerful apartments. What must they have been when dark, with closed doors and only a single aperture about the size of a stovepipe, for the transmission of food! The beds are wooden slabs about two feet wide, tilted at an angle of twenty degrees. The guide-books printed in Venice make a half-hearted attempt to minimize the past horrors of this place but until they exclude the public from the place itself their arguments are demolished by a mere look at the awful reality. We were glad to reach daylight again and walked around the court in the center of which is a well. This is the best water in Venice and many people were carrying it away in buckets and bottles for household purposes, possibly to drink when diluted with wine. The debris of the Campanile is piled up in one corner of the court and enclosed by a fence.

We returned to the Square and watched the two life-size bronze Vulcans strike the hour on the big bell, fed the pigeons again and went to lunch.

ENTRANCE TO THE DOGE'S PALACE

After lunch, in response to the "Poppe" of the concierge, a gondola is swung up to the hotel steps and we get in and float down the Grand Canal. With guide-book in hand to supplement the well-meant but unintelligible information which the gondolier is striving to convey, we pass between palaces of splendor even in their decay. The homes of Browning and Tasso and the palace once occupied by Byron are right out *there*—within fifty feet of us.

A mail boat just passed us and others with the Italian coat of arms painted on them are tied up in front of the postoffice. The signs "Divieta di Nuota" (Swimming is forbidden) are as plentiful as "Post no Bills" in Rome and adorn the house walls wherever a small canal enters the Grand Canal. We are now passing the fish market. I am not looking up but I know we are passing it.

We have had a glorious day. After lolling around in a leather-cushioned gondola for several hours, admiring the graceful movements of our gondolier but with no desire to share his labors, we went to St. Mark's again. There we took another flier in corn and pigeons and revisited the glass works. One of the charming features of Venice is that so much of your

sight-seeing is done in a recumbent position with a gondolier doing the work. It quite rests you to trot around on foot occasionally and visit those parts that are within walking distance. For mind you, you can walk a great deal in Venice. It is not all water by any means.

After leaving the glass works we were lured into a lace factory by a curbstone solicitor and sincerely regretted that the salesman's assumption that all Americans are millionaires was not true. We were shown the process of manufacture and marveled at the skill and patience shown by the workers. One skirt of real Venetian point represented an aggregate of seven years' labor and was worth several thousand dollars.

The old bead man of Venice apparently monopolizes his branch of trade. In a small ten by twelve room he presides over counters and shelves packed from floor to ceiling with glass beads. There are beads of all sizes and colors, strung on thread and ready to wear or loose in boxes and sold in bulk, to be arranged at the buyer's own fancy. Never was a smaller article made the subject of one man's entire time and attentions and the pride and interest taken by the proprietor in his little shop were

very pleasing. His is the only shop of its kind in Venice and whenever you see a string of Venetian glass beads you may be sure they have passed through the hands of this tall, stoop-shouldered, be-spectacled old gentleman.

We are afloat again and passing the fruit and vegetable market. That the love of beauty permeates to the lowest stratum of Italian humanity is shown in the artistic arrangement of even these humble commodities. Pyramids of graceful proportions and carefully wrought-out color schemes are constructed and one can more readily pardon the superiority of the top layer in his admiration of the general effect.

Gondoliers are marvelously expert with their oars. They curve and twist and back into places not much wider than their boats and glide through masses of other gondolas without a scrape or a jar. We have gone the length of the Grand Canal and are returning by the alleys, or ditches, past back yards and amid homelier scenes. Here are some boys in swimming and diving off the front steps. One is a beginner and his sister stands in the doorway holding a rope which is tied about his waist. There is a little tot about four years old standing on a bottom step with the water touch-

ing his feet and peering into the depths for some lost treasure, at an angle that would send an American mother into spasms.

Gondoliers have no whips to crack, so they have adopted a peculiar and unmistakable bellow which they use when approaching a corner.

The city prison has a sentinel pacing up and down a narrow footpath. If the prisoners wear a ball and chain, as in some prisons, there is small likelihood of escape, as water surrounds them on every side.

August 7th. In the original manuscript of this journal, at this point appears a set of hieroglyphs followed by the numerals 208. That means that last night I left the book in the gondola and the gondolier, in blissful ignorance of his great responsibility and the value of the article in question, turned it in to the concierge of the hotel. The "208" was thoughtfully inserted in order that I might not go through life burdened with the thought of an unknown and unrewarded honest man. And that reminds me that the gondoliers are universally and phenomenally honest. The cause is apparent. They know nothing but their trade. It is taught them from babyhood and handed down from father to son for

generations. It is a familiar sight to see a ten-year-old boy tugging at an oar under the supervision of his father. They would be as helpless deprived of their boat as an alderman bereft of his pull. Now if it can be proven that a gondolier has retained any article of value left in his boat, his license is taken from him, he is a branded man among his fellows and starvation or emigration form the two horns of his dilemma—and no one emigrates from Venice if he can help it. Consequently, you can leave anything in the gondolas with absolute assurance of its recovery.

Another fact that helps to maintain the standard of honesty and to increase their efficiency as guides is that their art is one not easily acquired. It requires life-long practice to attain the endurance, speed and precision of these men and they are free from competition by outsiders and interlopers. Any one who can drive a horse, and some who cannot, may become a cabby and wander into strange cities of whose geography he is ignorant and educate himself at the expense of his patrons. But an outsider attempting to invade the Grand Canal in a one-oared gondola would find himself the recipient of a great many bumps.

We spent two hours on the water last night,

were rowed to within one hundred yards of Lido, watched. the lights of that popular "Coney Island" of Venice, let our gondolier cool and air a little and were rowed back, much to his disgust. He wanted an hour or so on shore and protested "multa caldo," but we told him to take it easy and take us back. It is wonderful in how many languages these foreigners understand "Take it easy" and how finicky they are regarding the precise accent of the native equivalent of "Hurry up."

We rode under a full moon, past other parties bound for Lido, past the regular steamers carrying scores of merrymakers, past an occasional gondola tied up to piles, with a whole family swimming about in the clear, cool Adriatic. We lay back and faced the moon and stars and sang all the songs we knew and some we did not know and enjoyed ourselves thoroughly. There is nothing like it for absolute, velvety, downy-cushioned ease elsewhere in the world.

The perils of a young couple on one of these boats and on one of these nights cannot be overestimated. A proposal and acceptance would be inevitable. If I were on a jury in a breach of promise case and it could be proven that the girl suggested a moonlight ride in a

ON THE LAGOON

gondola, I would acquit the defendant on the ground of "circumstances over which he had no control" but which had absolute control over him.

We reached the Grand Canal in time to see and hear some of the serenaders. They use specially constructed barges that hold twenty or thirty people and are decorated with Chinese lanterns. Young men and women singers make sweet music, accompanied by an orchestra of guitars and mandolins. They do not sing trash either, but tuneful selections from classical composers. And they sing them well, too. But they might sing a great deal worse and the moonlight and the water, by some mysterious alchemy, would blend and harmonize and soften them into a delight.

Gondolas to the untrained eye are as similar as hansom cabs and only distinguishable by their numbers. They are black and have black cushions, curtains and fringes. In the days of the Doges they passed a law requiring all gondolas to be black. They pretended that they were animated by a desire to curb extravagance and rivalry in decoration. History says that their real aim was to make it difficult to distinguish one boat from another and to make all boats invisible at night in order to

carry out their dark plans with no fear of detection or identification. It is pleasant to know that the practice of disguising ulterior motives under the cry of "reform" has such ancient and honorable parentage. Secret imprisonment and assassination were the arguments used against political opponents in those days and a man at outs with the dominant party was an extra hazardous risk that no life insurance company would have cared to assume.

The gondoliers wear white shoes, white or black trousers, bright sashes, a white blouse with wide blue collar and straw sailor hats with long ribbons. Wealthy families having private gondolas express their taste, or lack of it, in more ornate costumes. But nothing can be more graceful and picturesque than the stock costume covering a lithe, erect, athletic figure outlined against the blue of sky and water. They are as tireless as burros and always cheerful. Like all the lower classes of Italy, they are children with all a child's happiness, irresponsibility and inability to provide for the morrow. But the query naturally arises as you watch them at work or at play, are we so much wiser than they in our breathless pursuit of wealth and commercial supremacy?

There is one thing in Europe that does not appeal to a hearty eater. The continental breakfast is a continental fraud. As a young woman from Kansas City remarked at the pension in Florence, "A bun and a cup of coffee are an awfully slim foundation for visiting a dozen cathedrals." But that is the bill of fare and the coffee is not good and the milk reflects the color of the soft Italian sky—a good enough color for sky but not for milk.

We are at Lido. This is a large island with big private grounds and orchards. It has a big, combustible-looking hotel and a horse car line almost a mile long and two real horses. This car track extends from the boat landing to the bathing beach opposite. We went early and saw very few bathers but the crowd was just beginning to arrive when we left. There are many children in charge of mothers and nurses and quite a number of young priests. It is a splendid beach for children and non-swimmers. The surf is magnificent and the water is shallow for a long distance out.

There is a hat store in Venice whose chef-d'œuvre is a hat labeled "Americain." I wish you could see it. It is Tyrolese in shape, with a wide band of red and white. Of course the

maker never saw America and formed his deductions from the American tourist.

The fan is almost as much in evidence in Italy as in Spain and Gibraltar. It supplants both hat and parasol. Very poorly clad people sometimes have gorgeous fans. One deaf lady had an ear trumpet of tortoise shell cunningly contrived to look like a closed fan.

The steamers to Lido charge four cents for the half-hour's ride, and for thirty cents you can purchase a round trip ticket and the use of a bathing suit. The steamers are about sixty feet long and are well patronized but not crowded. They are the street cars, the cheap transportation of Venice. They stop at frequent landings along the canal and they handle their passengers quickly but with uniform courtesy.

Gondolas are cheap; twenty cents an hour or $1.20 per day of ten hours for two people and twenty-six cents an hour after dark, is the tariff, to which must be added the universal pourboire of a few cents. This gratuity is never scowled at, as in southern Italy, but is always graciously received with a musical "grazie" and a smile that is very winning

We just snapped Desdemona's House. That reminds me that if the pillows of ancient

Venice had been as hard as are their descendants, Othello might have done quicker execution by hitting her over the head.

We landed at the Academy of Fine Arts where there is a magnificent collection of paintings, principally by Venetian masters. There is an elaborate catalogue, apparently made by shaking the numbers in a hat and then printing them in the order drawn forth. The charm of uncertainty must have made the game exceedingly interesting for the original participants but it has a tendency to bewilder a stranger unfamiliar with the rules. To one not really well acquainted with old masters it must be trying but of course it did not bother us any. Old masters lost their power to trouble us some time ago.

We visited Browning's Palace, now occupied by his son. It is a grand residence, with handsome court, immense ball-room and other rooms in proportion. One large reception room is set apart for memorials of Robert and Elizabeth Browning and it is filled with their pictures and busts and countless gifts showered on them by enthusiastic admirers. Every part of the house is shown, including bed-rooms, dining-room and pantry. All is on a massive scale and rich in carvings and decorations.

We called on Lord Byron but he was out and the woman in charge could not understand a word of Italian although we handed her our entire vocabulary, one word at a time.

The Rialto Bridge is very handsome. It is one of three spanning the Grand Canal. The other two are modern iron structures. We landed at the Vegetable Market near by and passed through it, looking for the Church of S. Giacomo, the oldest church in Venice, built in 520. After many inquiries and much search, we found it hemmed in by fruit and vegetable booths. It faces what was once the Exchange of Venice, the "Rialto" of Shakespeare. We saw the "Hunchback of the Rialto," a crouching marble figure under a stairway, the top step of which formed the table of the crier of the Exchange.

We next tied up at the Church of S. Maria della Salute, opposite our hotel, just a few minutes' swim. It was built in 1632 in fulfillment of a pledge—a bargain struck with the Virgin Mary—that if she would stop the plague then raging in Venice they would build this church. Just why Mary wanted another church in Italy and why she resorted to such extreme measures to get it would be sacrilegious to inquire. The plague was stopped and the

THE LIONS OF ST. MARK'S

church started on the same day. There are several other plague churches in Venice but this is the finest and most prominently located. There is a picture of St. Mark by Titian in the church, in which Titian depicted himself as about the proper idea of a St. Mark. Modest! It also contains one of Tintoretto's most celebrated paintings, "The Marriage in Cana." The altar is surrounded by a beautifully carved relief showing Mary driving the plague away from the city and ministering to the afflicted.

There are some bones exhibited here. Some of the saints must have had more bones than a shad. And that reminds me, we are becoming connoisseurs in the matter of one saint, viz., Sebastian. We know him by his arrows. He is the most stuck up of all the saints. You find him everywhere, always full of arrows, always with the same calm expression, never annoyed, never even trying to pull them out but serenely gazing upward as though nothing had happened. We can tell Matthew by his pen and Mark by his lion. This town is full of lions of all ages, colors and previous conditions. Warty, lumpy lions, scaly, patched-up lions, lions minus a tail or a foot, lions everywhere. St. Mark succeeded St. Theodore as the patron saint of Venice. That is the

reason tourists are worshiped here. They are all marks.

They have aquatic substitutes for everything. Even the automobile is suggested by noisy, ill-smelling gasoline launches that go coughing past us.

We have just visited the Palazzo Vendramin Calergi, now the property of the Duke della Grazia, who is spending the mosquito season in Vienna. Wagner died here in 1883. An English family are tenants of the lower floors, including the room where he died, and we did not intrude on them. Which shows that we are not fully hardened as tourists yet. On the outer walls, fast fading, are inscribed the words "Non nobis, Domine, non nobis," but the interior is much too rich to match that humble protest. The furnishings are too princely for my untrained pencil to describe. The walls are lined with ancestral portraits, many by old masters. There are some personal relics of Marie Antoinette, including a pair of massive gold candelabra. We were rather disposed to think the wall-paper inferior to the rest of the palace and were commenting on it, sotto voce, and remarking its patched appearance, when the housekeeper tapped it with her finger and said "Cordova." We put our hands on it and

behold, it was carved and illuminated leather. The doors and floors are of inlaid wood. The locks, knobs and hinges are of wrought iron and bronze. There is a large private chapel with ceiling and altar beautiful in fresco and carving. The whole thing is a dream. We asked the housekeeper how many rooms there were in the palace. She put up both hands in despair. She had never counted them.

Just for the contrast, we rowed through the Ghetto. But even the poverty of Venice is less harsh in outline, less evident to the senses and, let us hope, less miserable to the poor. Flowers, bright sunshine, good water and pure air seem to be in reach of the most destitute and with an occasional fish or herb for a meal they laugh and chatter as though they were monarchs.

Thence we went out into the lagoon, where we were cooled by the sea breeze and reveled in the coloring of sky and shore and sail repeated in the clear water. For even the sails form part of the general color-harmony of this fairyland and blend their orange and red and yellow like fragments torn from the sunset.

You are assisted out of and into your gondola at every landing by old men with brass armlets bearing numerals which are clasped about their

upper sleeves. They are apparently selected for their extreme old age and to shift the burden of their support from the state to the tourist, "making the foreigner pay the tax." You do not need the help but they need the pennies, and like most of the "extortions" berated by travelers, it is very small.

We just explored the Theatre la Fenice, the opera house of Venice, where all the grand operas are sung and where many of them were given their first hearing. It was after the closing hour but that made no difference in their kindly courtesy. A woman took us in charge and led us through subterranean passages and up dark stairs to that much coveted spot, the center of the stage. We surveyed the auditorium with its five tiers of boxes encircling its small orchestra or pit. The attendant turned on the rain and wind and raised a little thunder for our edification and we then examined the boxes. These had two single seats in front and sofa-like seats extending back of these the full length of the box. The upholstering was of red plush and looked very warm. The Royal Box is in the center of the second tier and is much more gorgeously furnished and has thrones for the king and queen. We sat in the thrones and

decided that they were more comfortable than the other seats.

We just saw our young Italian doctor, a Venetian, from the steamer. He was waiting for a Lido launch as we glided past in a gondola. We exchanged the usual greetings: "How long have you been here?" "Two days." "Where are you stopping?" "Hotel di Roma." "When do you leave?" "To-morrow." "Good-bye."—and we are a block away.

We then made our farewell visit to the pigeons. Apparently they had not been fed since yesterday. A party of Americans came up, of whom "Susie" had a camera. We left them enveloped in pigeons and each one calling vigorously, "Take me, Susie." If Susie landed any snap-shots in that gathering twilight, we do not know anything about cameras.

We took a picture of the two monoliths on the water front. One bears a winged lion at its top, and the other, St. Theodore, who for some reason or other is "sculped" with his spear in his left hand and his shield in his right.

About the first thing they teach the young idea here is to swim. We have seen a little

five-year-old on a string held by his mamma in a boat and he was so small that he looked like bait. It is also a great town for chimes. It takes so long to strike six o'clock that they have to commence striking seven almost immediately. No two clocks strike at the same time. The idea is to make music and not to indicate correctly the hour.

Well, we have had our last ride on the Grand Canal. B. is packing, the moon is shining, the serenaders are singing, and oh! we hate to leave. We have discovered that only the Venetians are "in the swim" so far as luxurious living is concerned. Though how they manage to support such palaces and keep their heads above water is a mystery.

August 8th. The concierge at the Hotel di Roma deserves a passing word of commendation. He is an Austrian and speaks English, German, Italian and French that I know of. I have identified these four languages in watching him converse with the various guests. He knows the best shops and the most interesting sights and how to reach them. His temper is never disturbed by any demands on his time and attention and we were never able to learn when he sleeps. Day or night he is always on duty and always cheerful and wide-awake.

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS

Venice is a well-managed city. It is clean, no dust in the streets; orderly, no drunkenness (you can't get drunk on water) and almost no begging. A few ancient crones haunt the steps of some of the churches and mumble solicitations for alms, but after Naples and Rome, Venice seems very free from paupers. If only St. Mark would get St. Patrick's snake formula and drive out the mosquitoes, a man going from Venice to paradise might reasonably desire a round-trip ticket.

IX

Milan and Bellagio

EN ROUTE to Milan in the same kind of coach in which we left Naples but in the single, end compartment with three seats and no other occupant. There is a small shelf in front of us, on which we spread our fruit and Peters' chocolate; double curtains are drawn to exclude the sunlight; we are monarchs of all we survey and quite willing to exchange some of the economies in time of American travel for the kingly ease of a European compartment.

The ticket system on these railroads is hard to understand. For example, at the starting point our tickets are examined by gatemen before we get on the train. It required four tickets to take us from Florence to Venice. We changed cars at Bologna by instinct. A guard tore out *one* of our tickets a little way out of Florence and that was the last we saw of any guard. When we passed out of the station at Venice, a gatekeeper gave a superficial glance at our tickets, but did not take

them up. When we left Venice, a major-general (at least) in full regimentals, looked at my Cook book of tickets, grunted audibly and in a manner indicating criticism of previous officials, and tore out those remaining three tickets *to* Venice and punched the four to Milan. One of these four has been taken up by the guard and I suppose they will send an official to the boat-landing at Southampton for the other three. It is too complicated for me.

Linen dusters are as plentiful among the male travelers as they were in the United States twenty years ago. While the roads are not very dusty and the trains are vestibuled, the native prepares for a four-hours' journey with great elaboration, with straw traveling cap, buttoned-up duster, collar removed and supplanted by handkerchief, and fan in hand. Most of the notes from which this was transcribed were written on the train with notebook on knee and are convincing proof of the smoothness of the roadbed.

We are passing through some highly cultivated portions of northern Italy, with rows of corn ten or twelve feet high which Kansas would be proud to call her own, growing between the garlanded grapevines festooned from tree to tree.

B. is busy with the time cards and maps. An ideal traveling party should always include a map enthusiast. You may ridicule the penchant as much as you please but you find it very convenient at times. That and the ability to pack may be homely virtues but they save the rest of the party a world of trouble and much retracing of steps. So, ridicule the practice as much as you please but always stop when you see that your chaffing is liable to discourage your victim or you may find yourself regretting it.

Twenty minutes for luncheon at Verona, where the two gentlemen came from. We did not patronize the table d'hote. Experience has taught us not to use our Italian where there is a time limit. We added to our fruit and chocolate some rolls, a spring chicken and two bottles of pop. It is worth a trip to Europe to see B. drink pop out of a bottle. In the unequal contest she not only fails to extract any pop, but is drawn an inch or so into the bottle and has to be helped out, emerging with a slight report.

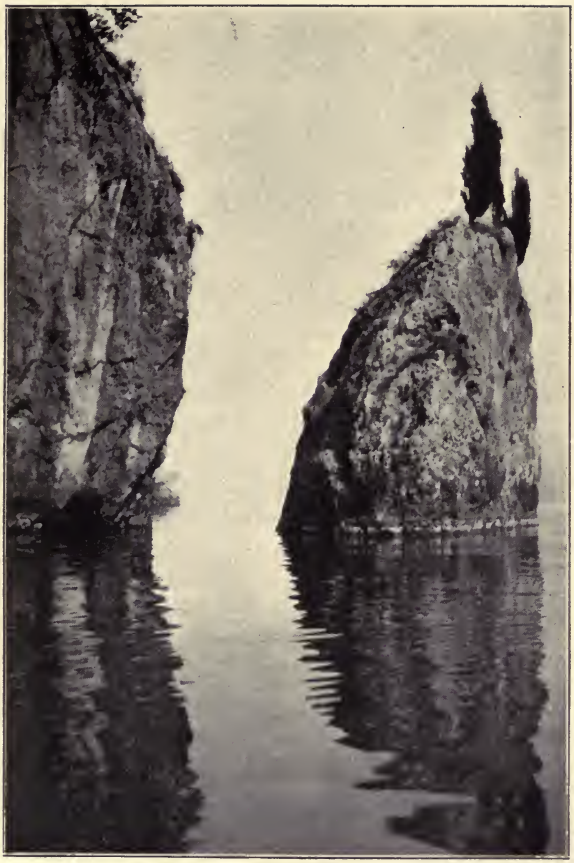
Our road is now skirting the mountains of northern Italy. The scenery is getting wilder and more rugged, and hints of what we shall see later in Switzerland are appearing.

We stopped over one train at Milan, took a carriage to the Cathedral and found it was being renovated and would not be open to the public until to-morrow. By some misunderstanding, all of these foreign cities have the dates of our arrival wrong, and while they are displaying commendable zeal in putting everything in apple-pie order for our inspection, they seem to lack all the way from one day to a week of completing their preparations. We were allowed to peek in at the door in consideration of the long distance we had traveled and had a plenty-good-enough-thank-you glimpse of the celebrated statue of the skinned man, St. Bartolomeo. On the boat, we were talking about this statue, and I asked a New Yorker why it would not be an appropriate decoration for the New York Stock Exchange. He said that the objection was that the man is represented as carrying off his skin and that indicated an oversight on the part of the skinner that would be unpardonable in a broker.

We drove over to S. Maria della Grazie. In the refectory of this church is painted on the wall da Vinci's "Last Supper." It may have been beautiful once. It doubtless was. But it is faded and scratched and cracked until the

outlines of its figures are hardly discernible. They ought to reduce the price of admission or have it touched up. There is a big scar on it where Napoleon I had a door cut through that wall when he was using the refectory as a stable. He certainly knew how to impress the fact of his supremacy on the conquered. He rode his horse up to the top of the Campanile in Venice, just to show his authority. If the old tower had only tumbled then, the map of Europe would have been saved some great alterations.

Then we went to La Scala, the Grand Opera House of Milan, with a seating capacity of 3600, the largest in Europe. As usual, every courtesy was shown us. There are six tiers of boxes in complete semicircle bounding the small parquet. There is a spot in the front of the auditorium where you get a marvelous echo, repeated five times. One clap of the hands produces a little ripple of applause, while a single "ha" is transformed into a peal of laughter. We saw the dressing-rooms of the prima donna. They were large and completely furnished. No wonder foreign stars object to the accommodations in some American theaters. In the rotunda are marble statues of Verdi, Rossini, Donizetti and other Italian



THE POINT AT BELLAGIO

composers. It was all very magnificent. It is the birthplace of many grand operas.

We returned for one more view of the Cathedral and drove back to the depot, feeling that we had not wasted much of our one hour and twenty minutes in Milan, and we are now speeding on our way to Como.

It is a good scheme to get to your train early in Europe, as it enables your porter to find a desirable place for you. People who come late have to take what is left, coupled with unfriendly looks from those in possession. A first-class compartment holds six people and lots of luggage, but three people generally feel crowded if a fourth one enters. On account of the bad checking system and high rates, most travelers carry great quantities of hand luggage, and the compartments are provided with capacious racks.

We arrived at Como at 5:33 P.M., and rode on top of a bus in the shadow of a tottering pyramid of luggage to the steamer landing and embarked on the Lariano for Bellagio at 6:10.

Now we are passing between verdure-clad mountains, along villa-dotted shores, with terraces, statues, fountains, vines and lawns. It is beautiful, with a new beauty. We have three gems to set in our memory: the Bay of

Naples from Sorrento or Capri; Venice; and now, Lake Como; each in its way perfect and each differing from the others. The mountains here seem to pierce the sky, and then they continue their sheer descent to eighteen hundred feet below the surface of the water. Read that again, please. It means water eighteen hundred feet deep in this little fresh water lake. The surface is a deep, dull green, differing from the malachite sparkle of Naples and resembling more some shades of a beetle's back.

Every turn of the paddle ushers in new beauties of lake and shore and sky. There is a village, high up on a mountain side, brought into relief by the sun's rays as by a search-light, while to us on the boat, the sun has set. There is an old church with scarred belfry and chimes projecting, as if panting after the exertion of striking 7 o'clock. There is a gray scar in the green of the mountain side, where centuries ago a rock was loosened from the crest and hurled into the water, leaving a path which the years have not covered. There is a café under the trees, bright with electric lights and pretty costumes, with guests eating and drinking and waving their hands to our boat.

Now we tie up for a few minutes to allow

passengers to disembark at one of the pretty little resorts that crowd the shores. There are shouts of greeting and hasty inspection of bundles, for most of them are returning from a day's shopping in Como. There is a family party of six or seven, with generous lunch basket, climbing into a gasoline launch and plying for some nook where they can picnic in the moonlight. We are passing from Italy into Switzerland; from priests to Protestants; from cathedrals to chapels; from hot summer to autumnal coolness. In a few days the transformation will be complete, but neither side of the picture is quite so charming as this transitional portion.

There is a garden, rich in foliage and rioting in color. There is a castle on the very ridge of a mountain. At least, it looks like a castle, and castle sounds better. It may be the Grand-Hotel-Something-or-Other. Here is a pretty little cemetery, shady and cool, with dots of marble peeping through the green, and with the lofty pyramid of "Joseph Frank, 1851" dominating the scene and trying to make his poor dust of more importance than that of his neighbors.

Now it is getting darker. A purple haze is dropping over the green and softening the

rugged profiles of the mountains. Pretty soon the same white moon will smile down on us that shone so brightly at Venice. The chimes are sounding from both shores, softened by distance; now they are an anvil chorus; now just a few straggling cows coming home through the corn.

We arrived at Bellagio at 8:02 and went to a good hotel only a few steps from the landing. Our room is about thirty feet square and with a broad gallery in front. We have performed our ablutions. Washing is a perfunctory matter here. I suppose that is why most of the natives have dropped it. One can get dirtier in one day in an American city without an effort than he does in two days' railroad travel in Italy. Collars are changed only to preserve the habit and your self-respect. Linen does not soil perceptibly in twenty-four hours.

We are eating our dinner under the trees in the garden, with Lake Como lapping the beach at our feet, with mountains on every side, and the moon glow just commencing to show in the east. We are surrounded by just such another party as we saw from the boat on our way here—spick and span ladies in white lawn and gentlemen in white flannel. And we have

AN AL FRESCO CAFE AT BELLAGIO

not eaten a meal since a fiat breakfast at 7:15 this morning. True, we have nibbled more or less continuously since leaving Venice, but we ran out of chocolate at Milan, and since then nothing has passed our lips but ejaculations.

We just had a row (long "o," please) on the lake. The full moon was rising—in fact, it rose and fell several times as we passed clefts in the mountains. Menaggio is sparkling like a diamond necklace on the opposite shore—a double strand, of which the lower portion, the reflection, is scarcely less brilliant than the upper. Then, as if there were not natural beauty enough to fairly hold us spellbound, we saw the revolving searchlight of a revenue cutter in operation. It produced a series of cameo effects as it passed from rock to rock and paused an instant to illuminate a laughing crowd of young people in a boat. They stood up and waved a salute and in a moment blinked out as the light moved on. Later we tried the excellent double echo and soon located the origin of our merry neighbors as they shouted "O-hi-o" to the answering hills.

Bellagio is situated on the point of land which divides Lake Como into a letter "Y" and thereby forms Lake Lecco on the east. It is universally conceded to be the prettiest spot

on Como. It is only a village with one street parallel with the shore and cross streets or paths leading up the mountain side at angles that in many cases require steps to be cut for the ascent. Its shops are mostly souvenir shops and its souvenirs are principally of carved wood, very beautiful and very ingenious in design.

August 9th. Sunday, I believe, in the United States. We had congratulated ourselves on striking such an ideal haven of rest for Sunday. We have been working sixteen hours a day, and the idea of sleeping well into the morning appealed to us. Well, at 6:30 A.M. we were awakened by a picnic party from the town of Como. An Italian workingmen's society chartered a steamer, selected *our* Sunday, hired a brass band, and are now parading through the town. They seem to be orderly and well-behaved and ordinarily would receive our approval. But it is 6:30 A.M. and we suspend judgment. They are going to the north end of the lake and will touch here again at eight this evening. If they are sober then, we shall know that they have more self-control than American laborers on a picnic.

I wish that my pencil could depict for you the glories of this morning—glories forced on us

by the brass band. I am writing at a table on the large gallery before mentioned and am raised fifteen feet above the crowd and the music. I feel as though I were occupying a reviewing stand, but am as much reviewed as reviewing. The frank way in which the natives reciprocate our stares is born of years of exposure to tourists and kodaks.

The lake is about two miles wide here and our point of land splits it into two equal parts, so that Menaggio and its shore are a mile away. The mountains all around us exhibit every shade of green and are streaked and seamed with bands of rock and barren earth. The top of the one opposite has caught a passing cloud about midway and is festooning and decorating its head and shoulders in a creamy film that dips into its chasms and arranges itself in every fascinating shape imaginable, completely enveloping its head like some bewitching señorita coquettishly concealing her face behind her ribosa. The steamer, emptied of its humans, is a picture, with bunting of every color hanging motionless in the still atmosphere. The reflections in the water of mountain, cloud and villa are perfect, as there is hardly a ripple. The air is not too anything, but is just right.

Our boatman of last night tried to tell us in Italian-French that he had been an Italian marine and had been in "San Francheesco," probably fancying that it was only a stone's throw from New York. I wonder what he would think if told that you can go from Bellagio to London as quickly as you can cross the State of Texas. He would probably be too polite to say what he thought.

It is a great relief to get among people whose avarice is less apparent than that exhibited in southern Italy. The boatmen here and in Venice only want what they are entitled to and show gratitude for anything in excess of the legal tariff, while in Rome and Naples a little generosity on your part means to the native a yielding disposition which should be worked promptly to the limit.

Oleanders grow in orchards on every shore and other flowers in proportion. Every wall is drenched with red and pink and white and green, and the water repeats in softened tones the tumult of color overhanging it.

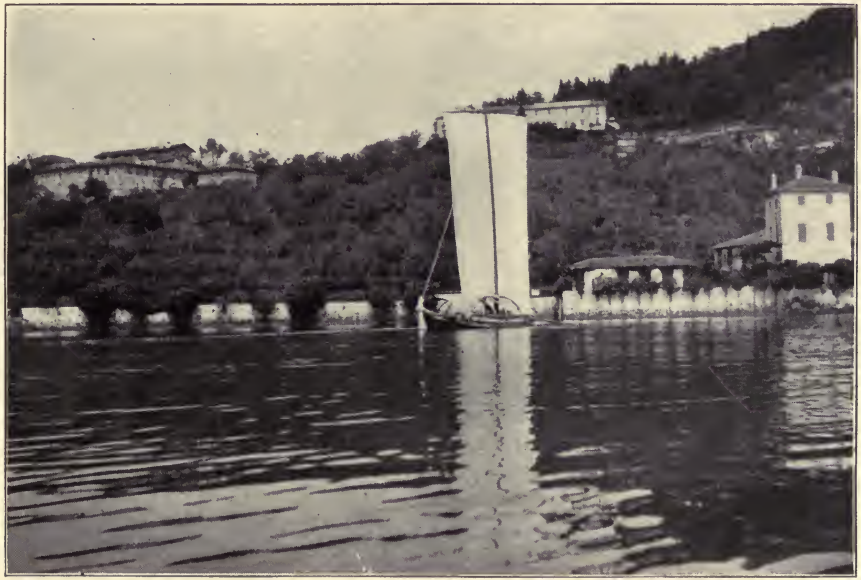
We tried a walking match to the top of Serbelloni, the highest point about Bellagio. We duplicated the achievement of the King of France, in that we marched up and then down again, disturbing hundreds of chameleons

in our progress. They are familiar sights all over Italy—as numerous as fleas. The view from the top is superb, and, on a cooler day, would amply recompense the outlay of energy. But on days when the thermometer is going up, it is wiser for you to stay down. Our descent took us to the extreme south end of the short business street and we were glad of the opportunity for a last look at the quaint little shops with half their wares displayed outside.

A word about tips just at this point written on the spot might be interesting. They are numerous but not exorbitant. Frequently in Naples a face is made at the size of the fee but this would occur if you emptied your pockets. In most other places, they are received courteously and gratefully, and where the stay is brief you can exercise the sensible privilege of rewarding only those who perform actual service for you. In most cases the customary amount is shamefully small, judged by the American standard. For example, a porter will struggle two blocks with one hundred pounds of luggage and tip his hat gratefully for ten cents, while a United States darky would want fifty cents and some assistance for a similar service and not tip his hat, either. There is no reciprocity in "tips" in America.

We are now being rowed across Como to Villa Carlotta. It is filled with beautiful sculpture and paintings and surrounded by grounds whose loveliness impresses one, even when viewed from the steamer. It is the property of the Duke of Saxe-Meiningen, who lives here just often enough to hold his claim, apparently. That is one of the penalties of wealth. When you own a transcendently beautiful spot like Carlotta you must keep away from it or people will think you are parvenu. When the Duke is away, tourists are admitted and shown through house and grounds for a franc each. This sounds like a picayunish practice, considered as a source of revenue. But, as a matter of fact, these wealthy proprietors are unintentional philanthropists and keep up their magnificent show places at great expense and for a totally inadequate compensation — just enough, in fact, to exclude the crowd.

The gardens are magnificent. Just fancy magnolia trees two feet in diameter, groves of bamboo, cedars of every variety from Lebanon to California, Brazilian cypress, pomegranates in blossom, bushes of holly, eucalyptus and rhododendrons, azaleas in forests, walls covered with lemon verbenas, Maréchal Niel and La France roses climbing tall cedars and



ON LAKE LECCO

blooming five-dollar-a-dozen beauties thirty and forty feet up in the air. There were bananas in blossom, and trellised and arbored walks of lemon and orange trees in fruit. Everything gives marvelous evidence of what care and cultivation can do. For, mind you, Como is not in the tropics, and much of this vegetation must be sheltered from the cold in winter.

In the salon is a beautiful frieze by Thorwaldsen—from which, of course, the vegetation does not need to be protected—and several pieces by Canova. His "Cupid and Psyche" is the one best known and most frequently copied and photographed.

In returning to Bellagio our boatman pointed out a dairy on the bank of the lake, and we disembarked and had our first cream since leaving the steamer. There is a pretty little stone spring house with a water wheel turning and dripping in the sunlight. Above this is a kitchen where bread is baked in individual loaves "while you wait." Out under the trees are tables of stone. There we sat and ate bread and cream and gazed on Como—we three—for we invited the boatman, who accepted reluctantly but ate vigorously, doffing his hat and saying "Salute" before sitting down. B. only ate half her loaf, and he indicated a desire to

take it to the young son of his brother. He talked so like a conversation book at that point that we readily understood him. Permission being granted, he stuffed it away between himself and his clothes somewhere.

Twilight on Como. The miracle of this place, accented after a visit to Venice, is its freedom from mosquitoes. All meals are served in the open air and under the trees, and even when the electric lights are going, you never see an insect of any kind. Our table is next to the rail skirting the lake, and we are throwing crumbs into the transparent water and watching the scramble. The fish are disgracefully human in many ways. The small fish get little or nothing and the big ones are never satisfied.

The morning's picnic is just returning. There are some intoxicated men, but they form a small proportion of the total number. There are a few couples courting with typical continental indifference to their surroundings. But, as a whole, it is a very well-behaved crowd.

The old clocks in Italy have only one hand —the hour hand. You guess what time it is by the distance it has passed the hour. It is all right for Italy, but it would not do for timing a horse race.

X

Lucerne

AUGUST 10th. In order to save a couple of hours' sleep (we have been on a Napoleonic allowance lately) we crossed to Menaggio on the 8 o'clock steamer last evening and spent the night there. Later events proved the wisdom of our plan, for shortly after our arrival we added a thunder shower to our experiences. It was a grand thing to see the lightning and hear the thunder. We were in such a deep crevice between the high mountains that the lightning did not seem near enough to cause alarm, while the thunder was tossed back and forth over our heads, dropping a note or two at every rebound, until it was simply worn out and grumbled and muttered itself into retirement. Our train leaves at six this morning, and it is now half-past five and the birds are fairly splitting their throats in one grand doxology for last night's rain.

We are in a new kind of car, climbing the mountains out of Menaggio. The sun is rising

over Varenna and making a golden path across the mirror of Como. Our progress is not rapid and there is a good deal of backing and switching, but there are problems connected with railroading in northern Italy and Switzerland that are not encountered in prairie countries. These cars are small and light, with outside doors to each compartment, but with partitions only half the height of the car. All of the passengers are visible and audible. The only difference between first and second class accommodations is the price. The two classes form subdivisions of the same car. Our train is a short one—two carriages and a luggage van pulled by one sturdy little burro of an engine that sticks its cow-catcher down and tugs away until we cross the crest. The rain has made traveling delightful, but, like falling off a roof, it is disagreeable when one alights.

We changed to a steamer at Porlezza in a driving rain. As our train slowed up, we were quite excited and were gathering our luggage together preparatory for a dash to the waiting-room, not dreaming that porters would be at that little mountain terminus to assist us. Just as we stopped, a welcome vision in a blue gingham jacket opened our door, reached for our suit cases and said "Portino?" B. called out

"No! Lugano," thus brightening our trip with one more joke and putting the score two to one in her favor.

Our portino assisted us into an eight by ten waiting-room, furnished to the extent of one table, against which we took turns leaning, while we waited fifteen minutes for our boat, surrounded by damp foreigners. As Baedeker had forewarned, the boat was "unpunctual." But it finally came and we scrambled aboard and are in a sort of Black Hole of Calcutta, which adds to the horrors of the original Hole a strong smell of cooking. However, the deck is untenable because of rain and here we must stay.

I am learning to carry a bundle in each hand and to hold my ticket in my teeth when leaving one of these boats. They take up your tickets at the most inconvenient time, after you have left the train or boat and are passing through the station or down the gangway, laden with luggage. It must have required a great amount of thought to arrange just that one detail.

We are again steaming between high mountains, as on Como, but in shallower water, as evidenced by its pale green color. Lake Lugano is only nine hundred feet deep. In

other words, if you stacked more than three twenty-five story buildings one on top of the other in this lake the upper one would project a little, while Como could absorb six and not show a ripple on the surface. The sloping shores are terraced with grapevines and cultivated to the limit of production.

The customs man for Switzerland just pasted his labels on our baggage without even unlocking it. Nice man!

The sandals here are peculiar. They have wooden soles with pyramidal projections fore and aft, one at the back like a wedge-shaped heel, the other, of the same pattern, under the ball of the foot, and the whole affair held in place by a wide strap over the toes. They must be as hard to propel as French heels, themselves a device of the Society for the Prevention of Graceful Locomotion.

Many of the houses in this neighborhood have pictures of windows and shutters painted on their exteriors; ventilation a la Colonel Sellers.

We are back on the railroad again en route from Lugano to Lucerne. We bought reserved seats in the diner and were compelled to admit that it is a better idea than the American one of waiting in the vestibule

of the adjoining sleeper until the proper number of seats are vacated before you can eat. Like all European hotel and railroad catering, it is designed to insure comfort and prevent crowding.

This scenery means one continuous gasp from now on. There are high mountains on one side and foaming cascades on the other. Hint to travelers: After leaving Bellinzona, look out of both sides of the car all the time. The rain has added many thread-like torrents to the panorama. There is an eleven-story cataract, actual count. Eleven successive drops, each one as high as an ordinary falls, with the stream wasting and growing more slender at each interruption, until at the bottom there is hardly a drop left, looking for all the world in the bright sunlight like the straggling ends of a beautiful head of hair.

Our train just passed through two loop tunnels. The track makes a loop, passing over itself, without emerging into the open, and while you are doubting your senses, it does it again. It is a sample of the marvelous engineering which made this road possible.

We had a fine three and a half franc luncheon of six courses, cooked better and served better than any dollar table d'hote ever

eaten on a United States diner. I am not losing my patriotism and I would rather eat health food and drink coffee-substitute in America than live on the fat of this land. But the fact remains, that they are centuries ahead of us in the matter of caring for the traveling public. Ice has to be asked for, but it is cheerfully furnished. It is a little trouble to salt your butter, but it is better butter. And the breakfasts are very light, but the luncheons are as substantial as dinners. There! I am afraid the Patient Reader will say that the bill of fare divided my enthusiasm with the scenery.

We just passed through St. Gotthard Tunnel, nine and a quarter miles long, perfectly ventilated and a modern world's wonder. It cost about eleven million dollars and was nine years in building. We were eighteen minutes in going from daylight to daylight.

We are twisting and tunneling, crossing and recrossing the Reuss, with giant spruce and pine lining its rocky shores. Now we are looking down a thousand feet; now we are gazing up for a greater distance, and on every hand cascades are leaping down whole mountain sides. We are passing through the William Tell country, near the castle where

Werther died in 1320. We are too late for the funeral. Our compartment has been invaded by a two-hundred-and-forty-pound Swiss in hob-nailed shoes, knickerbockers and other mountain-climbing paraphernalia, and with his massive frame topped with one of those dinky little green fedora hats with a bunch of edelweiss in the band.

Fluelen is on the banks of a pretty little blue and green lake. Tell's Chapel is just around that knob of the mountain. Tell has crowded the saints away from the center of the stage hereabouts. His statues and relics abound. It is customary at this point to show up the whole Tell episode as a myth and to prove that William never lived. But you will enjoy the scenery much more if associated in your mind with the legend, and I, for one, hold fast to my faith in the story, apple, arrows and all.

Arth-Goldau is the next town of interest, because the guide-book states that the brown patch of ground out yonder, some hundreds of acres in extent, is the top of a grave in which are buried four villages and four hundred and fifty-seven people caught by a landslip in 1806.

Lucerne is a modernized summer resort with a fixed population of about thirty thousand,

not counting visitors, who are generally better fixed than the natives—until the natives get at them. There are two big attractions here, the Lion of Lucerne and the Glacier Gardens. The lion is hewn out of the natural rock of the hillside, just as it lies in the quarry. It is after a model by Thorwaldsen. It commemorates the twenty-six officers and seven hundred and sixty soldiers who fell in defending the Tuileries in 1792. The Swiss have an Irishman's weakness for fighting other people's battles. The lion is represented as wounded and dying, with a shaft in his side, and is a heroic conception.

The Glacier Garden is built around an exhumed glacier which descended into this valley many thousand years ago. It reveals graphically the operation of the slow but resistless force that ground our continents into shape. Many so-called "mills" are exhibited, with large circular stones lying in them, which when whirled around by the falling water, ground out these cavities. An artificial mill is in operation, in which the water can be turned on by hand, illustrating the process precisely.

The Quai Nationale and the Schweizerhof Quay form one continuous promenade,

THE MUHLEN BRUCKE

bordered with spreading chestnut trees. We drove through "old Lucerne," to the Rathhaus, built in the sixteenth century. William Tell's sword was in its museum, offering convincing evidence of his existence to the most skeptical. The ceiling of the council chamber is of wood, carved in bas-relief a foot deep.

We were investigating a curious and massive old door-knob and fumbling away at it, when the door opened and a very polite old gentleman in skull cap and spectacles invited us to enter. As an audience was assembled on the other side, quietly listening to a lecture of some sort, we found that we had acted like a pair of tourists, and beat a hasty and apologetic retreat.

Then we visited quaint old Mühlen Brücke, one of Lucerne's two covered bridges. These ancient structures cross the Reuss at an angle. The one visited is decorated (?) with eighteenth century paintings, called "The Dance of Death." These are painted on wood and abound in skeletons and represent every phase of death then known.

Lucerne abounds in quaint sights and is surrounded by high mountains. Its green river rushes through the city and under its bridges with the speed of a torrent. But it is

conventionalized by the touch of modern fashionable society and its shops and amusements cater to such. In other words, prices are stiffening and the native knows values pretty well.

There is much carved wood here—and much that is not carved but is wearing cabmen's plug hats. Strange to say, while the shopkeepers and hotel people speak English, the cabbies do not and do not understand *our* French.

We had an amusing quarter of an hour in a souvenir store. It is one of those oppressive anecdotes which "do not sound funny when you tell it," but which you go ahead and tell, just the same. It consisted of our dialogue with the girl clerk and her reiteration, in an indescribable monotone, of "Pardon, m'sieu', two francs" or whatever the price might be. We priced everything in the shop and would frequently hand her the same thing twice. We could not tire her, nor change her voice, her formula nor her expression.

That reminds me, that however visible may be the motive under the veneer, it is pleasant to be treated with such uniform courtesy. For example, on the railroad train, a Chesterfield in apron paused at the door of each compartment and said (in French), "Luncheon is

served, m'sieu' and madam, if you please." Just contrast that with "First call for dinner in the diner" shouted from the middle of the car.

We will stop at hotels from now on. Our pension experience has not been a happy one. It is all right for a long stay but unsuited for transient visitors. Big table, forty guests, new guests stared at, dinner served in slow courses at the rate of one vegetable per course. You are hungrier at the finish than at the start. One hour and thirty minutes are consumed at dinner and very little else.

August 11th. Another 6 A.M. start. We are up at 4:30—resting! This is the coolest morning of our trip. The view across the lake is very pretty, even to our sleepy eyes. Mt. Pilatus and the Rigi are in view. Pilate is supposed to have committed suicide on Mt. Pilatus. Why he should go on top of a mountain for such a purpose is not clear. He could have saved transportation by going down into a mine. Telescope men do a thriving business all through this country. There are, besides, many automatic "10-centimes-in-the-slot" telescopes on the streets and quay. The coin releases the focusing apparatus as well as the central pivot on which the instrument turns.

Excursions are run daily to the Grüsch (a hill) and Mt. Pilatus. The weather yesterday was too hazy for either trip to afford much enjoyment.

There is a concert and vaudeville at the Kursaal every evening, but early morning starts forbid such dissipation. All of these resorts have Kursaals, which combine music and gambling. You can listen to the orchestra play, or you can play yourself. We have not seen a policeman in Lucerne, but there is a barrackful of soldiers across the Mühlen Brücke.

Here is an illustration of the European way of making you feel as if you had been cheated: our pension room would have been cheap enough at ten francs per day. But they charge seven and add six cents for electric light, or soap or carpets, or some such "extra."

Switzerland is the home of the brave and the land of the freak. The brave are her own sons, but the freaks are imported and they wander around in knickerbockers, alpine hats and alpenstocks. Many of them walk the level streets of Lucerne and stare in at shop windows, fully equipped with iron-shod sticks and other paraphernalia, and apparently have no more intention of risking the rigors of a

mountain climb than has the summer girl of getting her new bathing suit wet. We have been expecting to see some of them roped together and carrying ice-axes to lunch with them.

We went from Lucerne to Interlaken in a sort of parlor car with nine chairs and only one other passenger. The big advantage of first-class tickets on European railroads is in the fact that you have more room. Second-class and the world goes with you; first, and you go alone.

This is a beautifully taxed country. The ancestors of the man who makes out your hotel bill must have devised the tax list. Nothing is overlooked. There are revenue stamps everywhere. They are affixed to receipted hotel bills and to each page of the register. Even the advertisements in the cars have stamps on them. I found a piece of paper on some beefsteak which I think was a revenue stamp that the chef forgot to remove before cooking. I do not know what they would do in case of war. Put stamps on cheese, macaroni and old masters, probably.

XI

Interlaken and the Jungfrau

WE LEFT Lucerne at 6:15 for Interlaken by train. We change at 9:50 to a steamer. There is nothing monotonous about this amphibious traveling. This is our first non-vestibuled train. We paused for a few minutes at the foot of Mt. Pilatus and then plunged into a tunnel three-quarters of a mile long. Upon emerging we sighted our first snow-clad mountain, the Wetterhorn of the Bernese Alps. We have been surrounded by Alps for several days, but this is our first glimpse of snow. It looks beautiful, glistening in the bright sunlight.

It is comical the way these Swiss cottages pull their roofs down over their ears to prevent their being blown off. They look picturesque but not exactly alluring. We are passing an overgrown mountain with cloud enveloping its head and two-thirds of its body, but with its foot uncovered. The next time it is measured for a cloud it should get a longer one.

Just imagine railroads bounded by well-

trimmed hedges instead of barbed wire fences, and chalet-like stations with cataracts of bloom pouring from every window. And these are not metropolitan depots, but are located in little whistling stations of three hundred inhabitants.

At Giswyl our train breaks into two sections and starts up a 10 to 100 grade by rack and pinion track. It is our first real steep railroading on the trip. The shadow of the mountain is plainly outlined beneath us as we climb up, up, up. Farms are changing to checkerboards, rivers to brooks, and brooks to silver threads. I desire to feature and double star, a la Baedeker, the trip from Giswyl up the mountain.

We are now at Lungern, where our panting engines are given a drink and rubbed down before the second steep ascent begins. Lake Lungern is a gem, set all in mountains and reflecting its border with startling accuracy of outline, while intensifying and deepening the greens of grass and pines. It may be the morning light or the mountain air, or any other extraneous influence you please, but the fact remains that Lake Lungern lingers in the memory like an exquisite miniature on ivory—the smallest but the most enchanting of all the

lakes. Take the early train from Lucerne when making this trip. You get better views and are less crowded.

Lungern now looks like a toy town below us, with Noah's Arks and precisely clipped trees dropped at random, as though some child had gone to bed without putting away her play-things.

At Brunig, the topmost point of Brunig Pass, we had another breathing spell. We dropped twenty centimes into a slot machine, which in turn disgorged a post card with a five-centimes stamp on it and ten centimes in change. Of course, the machine did not know we were Americans, hence the change. Some day they will devise a contrivance that can distinguish, and then—no more change for foreigners.

Now we start down the mountain. The grade is 12 to 100, and engines, unlike men, find it just as hard to go down hill as up and perhaps a little harder. We are passing between snow-clad mountains and glaciers whose slow yielding to the sun's rays forms countless slender and graceful cascades. There is one leaping hundreds of feet and almost dissolving in mist before it reaches the next shelf of the mountain.

We passed down into the valley of Grindel-

THE WHARF AT BRIENZ

wald, which, seen from above, looked like a great relief map marked out with streams and farms. The Aare is "canalized" through this section and its beauty is entirely sacrificed on the altar of utility. It has all the inertness of a canal and in no way suggests that it was ever a bright sparkling river with shaded banks. We pull quite a distance on level ground and then back out of the valley and resume our progress toward Brienz.

At Brienz we changed to a steamer at 9:50 A.M. and we are now having an hour and ten minutes of restful ride on Lake Brienz. We have about exhausted our lake vocabulary, or Brienz would be raved over for your benefit. It quite deserves it. But beyond a few hints, I will not particularize. It is of a pale green hue and eight hundred and sixty feet deep. It is a larger lake than Como, and its frame is grander and more glacial. The snow-clad Sustenhorn held us in the bow of the boat in awed homage.

Before we reached Interlaken we selected a hotel recommended by Baedeker, and were driven there. The main building was full, but we secured the last room in the annex, a third floor apartment fronting on the back and dimmed by candles, but looking right straight

at the glorious Jungfrau. What cared we for mundane affairs or hotel environment? That peak dominates the scene, as does Pike's Peak at Manitou, and, from every point of view and in every change of light, presents new beauties.

We arrived at 11 in the morning and immediately unlimbered our tripod, filled our ammunition wagon with films, and struck out, looking for targets for our kodak. We steered our course straight for Cook's office and asked for directions telling how to see the most possible in a day and a half. The directions were cheerfully given and the railroad tickets procured. We will devote the afternoon to Mürren and return for dinner. To-morrow we will swing around the circle of the Jungfraubahn, taking in Lauterbrunnen, Wengern, Kleine Scheidegg, Grindelwald, Eiger Gletscher, and a few other alphabet-wreckers, much easier to look at than to pronounce.

This afternoon's trip gives the finest view possible of the Jungfrau, the one from Mürren, across six miles of unbroken space. To morrow's ride takes us as near the top of the peak as the railroad is constructed, and we will go a little farther on foot.

The crowd at this 2 P.M. train is quite as

frantic as an American one. It is made up of all nationalities, English predominating. The repose and poise gained by travel on the Continent is not manifested to any appreciable extent. One English lady said it was "too light" to go to Mürren to-day. This was a puzzler. We had congratulated ourselves on having such a bright afternoon. Later, from inferences drawn by listening to the Britons about us, we discovered that she meant "too late." Some one from Edinburgh or Dublin should start a school of pronunciation in England.

Here we are at the finish of a wonderful afternoon and practically bankrupt for adequate adjectives. Perhaps it is just as well that I depleted my vocabulary in Italy and am now "traveling light" in the matter of language. Any mere words could not have done the trip any sort of justice and would have rattled around in the immensity of the subject.

In the first place, we took a cog and pinion road to Lauterbrunnen. So far, to-morrow's ride will follow the same course. Then, after we fancied we had reached the limit of railroad daring, we transferred to an inclined plane that rose fifty-five feet to every hundred feet of progress. Think of it! An angle of almost

fifty degrees. The cars are built with level seats and sloping floors, so that each compartment is about thirty inches higher than the one behind it as you ascend. In this sort of car we climbed up three-fourths of a mile. The only thing we could think of was an elevator four hundred stories high without any shaft or sides. It was as near ballooning as we ever expect, or wish, to get. It is a double track road, and a descending car counterbalances the one we are in, both propelled by cables.

At the top of this ladder, we changed to another cog and pinion road. It was a very steep one, too, but after our experience, it seemed almost flat. We skirted chasms and looked down many, many feet and then our glances wandered skyward and caught glorious glimpses of the Jungfrau, now on this side and now on that, of our winding stair. We went right into and past the clouds as a mere incident of our skyward climb, on up to Mürren, where we stayed half an hour, with an unbroken panorama of glaciers and snow-covered peaks spread out before us. It dwarfed anything and everything that we had ever seen.

By aid of a powerful telescope, rented to sight-seers at six cents a peep, we saw a party

ON THE WAY FROM MURREN

of twelve men and two women descending a glacier. Details of their costume were distinctly visible as they waited for the guides to chop steps in the ice for their descent. Six-day walking matches are much more rational than mountain climbing and much safer—and much more remunerative. The party in question were in blissful ignorance of our surveillance, as the most powerful field glass failed to show so much as a moving speck on the white surface of the glacier.

Then we slid home again, past chasms and cascades, down the breath-arresting incline, to our hotel. The seats in the park at Interlaken are labeled "For visitors only," and, what is stranger, the natives obey the mandate and keep off. Such a sign in an American park would fill them with small boys in a minute.

August 12th. We are so surrounded by English tourists that we will have a fine accent before we reach London. They are all very kind and have told us much about the towns ahead of us in Switzerland and a great deal about London. Their arguments about what to see and what not to see are very amusing. The two gentlemen opposite are old cronies, past fifty years of age, and they disagree good-naturedly on every point presented.

"Don't miss Albert Memorial. Every one goes to see Albert Memorial."

"Yes, and no one enjoys it."

"And don't fail to see the white peacocks in Kensington Gardens."

"There are no white peacocks in Kensington Gardens. The last one died two years ago."

And so on, to the delight of the rest of the table and without the slightest ruffle to their own dispositions. An American forgets that these people are within twenty-four hours of home and is awed by an amount of travel not so extensive as a trip from New York to Chicago.

On the incline yesterday we were interested by an old couple of fifty-five or sixty (old for mountain climbing, I mean) who sat opposite us. They were equipped with alpenstocks, hob-nailed shoes and other Alpine insignia, which showed signs of real usage and were not worn for ornament. Their conversation, low-voiced and unostentatious, was entirely of difficult ascents, and they were as enthusiastic regarding their subject as is the most ardent lover of music or painting with his art. They had made the ascent of the Jungfrau on foot a short time before and pointed out familiar spots on the path that zigzagged under our

tracks, with the exuberance of children. Their skins showed the effects of years of exposure. She, in particular, was rapidly turning to leather. They were a most interesting study, but to a prairie dweller, their passion for the hard and perilous labor of scaling mountains and glaciers is inexplicable.

These one-sided developments of character present amusing studies to the more normal mind. I remember standing one night under an electric light waiting for a car. Of course, the vicinity of the light offered attractions to insects, and these in turn draw entomologists, so I was not surprised when a lady, past sixty, sidled up to where she could get a better view of her prize, and in her joy forgot that all men are not brothers on all subjects. She held up a sprawling June-bug and said, "Isn't he a beauty?" He happened to be the one insect in the whole category whose name I knew, and I murmured something about his being the finest specimen of the lachnosternidae tribe that I had ever encountered. "Oh," she said, "are you a collector?" I said, "Not now, at least not a voluntary collector; I was once but I quit it." Then with a helpless, appealing look she asked, "How *did* you ever give it up?" Now there you are. Our old mountain-

climbers will scramble and struggle and risk life and limb until some day the rope breaks or an avalanche is loosened above them on the mountains, with never a thought that release from their tyrant is possible. They may get momentary glimpses of homes bright with all the joys of repose and have passing doubts as to which is the better road, but they will return to the struggle and only cease their climbing at the top of the golden stairs.

The carts and their teams are very interesting in this neighborhood. The team consists of a large dog—most of them have St. Bernard blood intermixed—in harness and a man or woman, not harnessed, walking between the shafts. The man does most of the pulling and the dog seems to enjoy the joke very much. The dogs are especially useful in guarding the cart when the owner is delivering milk or vegetables inside the house.

We missed the sunset glow last evening, owing to the European way of serving dinner. Fancy sitting from 7 to 8:30 over mere eating, when time is so precious and while the snowy Jungfrau is changing its hue every moment and reflecting the shifting colors of an Alpine sunset.

We are too early for our train around the

THE CHURCH AT GRINDELWALD

circle and are sitting on boxes watching the maneuvers of a Swiss train crew. They have backed the same train up to the station five or six times, have waved the crowd away in each instance and have pulled it down the track for one hundred yards and then repeated the operation. They do not add nor drop a car but seem to be simply going back and forth. Finally, the crowd were permitted to scramble in, and we, having twenty minutes to wait for our train, sat and laughed at their antics for some time. Then we heard some one say "Lauterbrunnen" and, upon inquiry, found that this was *our* train all the time and *we* commenced to hustle. Our blissful ignorance saved us from participating in the confusion incidental to making up the train and there were plenty of seats left. In Europe they have a strange ultra-foreign custom of furnishing every passenger with a seat. If there are no vacancies, a car is added, or, if necessary, a second train is made up.

A mountain-climbing guide was with us on the train. One is deeply impressed by these quiet, unassuming heroes who risk their lives daily and who would dare a hundred deaths to protect the tourists in their charge. A guide who has ever allowed a patron to be lost is

disgraced, ostracized, an outcast from his kind. Few ever survive an accident fatal to their employers.

The roofs of the farm houses are shingled with what look like chips. This appearance is partly due to the age of the shingles. On top of these are placed long poles or beams, which are in turn held down by large flat stones. In appearance they are unstable, but they seem to stand the stress of very severe weather.

The fences are built on the stake and rider plan and at very curious angles. Their only business seems to be to keep themselves from falling downhill, and, with the degree of slope, it is wonderful that they can stand up. They simply mark boundaries. They are too low to exclude anything, particularly anything agile enough to retain a foothold in this vicinity.

Our train has passed scores of pedestrians climbing the Jungfrau, who return our looks of pity with looks of scorn. We railroad patrons have about the same standing in their eyes that a pot shooter has in a company of hunters.

We have reached the Eiger glacier and will cross it on foot. Its surface is slushy and walking is difficult but not dangerous. We penetrated twenty or thirty yards into an ice

cave cut into the glacier. The cave, or tunnel, is seven feet high and about five feet wide, with an arched top. Its pale green translucence lights up very prettily. It was too cold and drippy for an extended trip, and so, having gone far enough to say we had done it, we retraced our steps to the open air. Tobogganes are on hire on the slope of the glacier, and those who want a very slim foundation for a thrilling statement can avail themselves thereof.

A cozy little souvenir shop marks the solid ground at the edge of the glacier. Its principal curios are manufactured from chamois horns and agate. Train starts in two minutes for Scheidegg. Of course, this scenery is reproduced on post cards of surprising beauty. No other form of reminder is so cheap nor so easily preserved, and most tourists regret that they did not buy more of them.

At Scheidegg we took luncheon and photographs. This clear mountain air has a tendency to overexpose negatives and to overdevelop appetites. At luncheon, our orchestra was formed by the roar of melting glaciers which broke into huge avalanches and descended into the valleys below with thunderous reverberations. Three fell while

we were eating and we were fortunate enough to see one. It was several miles away and looked like a foaming cascade. It was seconds before its rumbling crash reached our ears.

Do not neglect to take rubbers on these mountain trips. Wraps are not needed, as it is quite warm in the sun, but that same warmth makes the surface of the glacier very soft. You stand in melting snow over your shoe tops and wipe the perspiration from your forehead.

At Grindelwald we walked a mile through a drizzling rain to see a picturesque old church with an interesting churchyard filled with gravestones, many of which were erected in memory of people who perished in mountain climbing or were overtaken by avalanches while pursuing their regular vocations. A great many stones bore names of those whose bodies were never recovered from the grasp of the ice-king. Our walk took us past the Grindelwald glacier, a mile to the right of the road, but plainly marked on the mountain side by its icy green color.

Concluding on our way back that, like the Irish cab-driver, we would not mind being so wet if we were not so dry, we stopped at a hotel and seating ourselves at a table on the veranda, called for lemonade. "In a bottle?"

A VIEW OF THE WETTERHORN

"No. We do not want pop." "Oh! You want lemon squash. I will do that for you," and he is doing it now.

They have a primitive but effective brake on their vehicles here, not seen in the United States outside of some Southern mountain districts. At the top of a hill, the driver gets out, unhooks an iron shoe which hangs under the box, and places it on the ground under the rear wheel, where it drags its way to the bottom of the descent. Then he replaces it under the carriage.

I am losing all my veneration for the English accent. It is used in perfection by the most ordinary looking people. Switzerland is the picnic ground of Europe. There are more languages spoken in Interlaken than at the time of the great tie-up on the Tower of Babel. Possibly high altitudes produce that result.

Another of those considerate evening showers is falling. So many have come after bedtime and have not interfered with sight-seeing. This one is sprinkling the railroad track for us to Berne. That spells better than it reads.

Our removal to our present table was due to the forethought of the head waiter, who discovered that we were "English." I have

recorded some of our table talk. The old lady next to B. is a little gay and is fond of the pleasures of the gambling-table at the Kursaal "I just risk a sixpence now and then. It's very fascinating; but don't you do it, dear. You are far too young." Just when the proper age for impropriety is reached, she did not say, but one would think she was old enough to have quit. She called the head waiter this evening and said, "Cawn't you open a door? I am fairly grilled." The Englishman opposite us was telling us what to see in London and asked, "Are you keen for churches?" We assured him that our keenness had been considerably dulled in our passage through Italy.

The shops here are very attractive. The clerks, mostly women and girls, are courteous, low-voiced and accommodating. They are near to Paris and will order anything for you that they do not happen to have in stock. Business is at its height after dinner, and few shops close before 11 o'clock.

August 13th. This morning the Jungfrau has donned her bridal veil. Low clouds are draping every mountain and peak, completely hiding many. It would be a bad day to repeat our trip of yesterday. I hope no one is spending his single day in Interlaken to-day.

A MOUNTAINEER'S HOME

There is a considerable display of fine apparel here, but it does not predominate to such an extent as to make us feel shabby. Omitting the films, two could make this trip easily with two suit cases and a shawl strap for emergencies, and have abundance of room for purchases. Of course, that means to ship your steamer rugs and wraps to your sailing point from your boat landing. And do this shipping yourself, via the American Express. Do not trust the steamship people. They are absolutely responsible and you will eventually recover anything consigned to them, but what profiteth it to a man who has come home rugless and shivered all the way that his wraps will follow in the next boat?

We really have an unnecessary amount of clothing with us. The laundry is prompt, cheap and efficient. You can have anything laundered at any point where you stop for twenty-four hours, and you can have your outer clothing cleaned and pressed overnight by hanging it on a hook provided for that purpose on the outside of your room door.

It costs more to ride in a hotel bus than in a carriage to and from the depot, and if you do not look out they will include the bus in your bill whether you use it or not. However,

corrections are always made with a cheerfulness and suavity born of long practice. This Interlaken concierge does not know as much as a concierge should. But he knows more than he did when we arrived. We have made it a point to instruct him on many things; I hope he appreciates our efforts, but sometimes in studying his expression, I have my doubts.

XII

Berne, Zurich and the Falls of the Rhine

WE ARE once more ensconced in a "Non fumeurs" compartment and at 8:07 we will leave for Berne, where we have interpolated a three hours' stop in our elastic schedule. The train is passing some peasants who are carrying baskets on their backs. These baskets are conical, tapering almost to a point at the bottom. This lower part presses against the body and relieves the shoulders, around which and under the arms, straps are passed.

We are skirting Lake Thun which, like all of her sisters, is beautiful in blues and greens, with mountains on every shore. The sun is coming out. The carriage windows are closed and the compartment is clean and comfortable. Thus far we have needed neither wraps nor rain-coats. The Princess of Wales is at the town of Thun (our next stop) and her presence has caused quite a buzz amongst the patriotic Britons hereabout. Thun is the headquarters for the Swiss artillery. We saw some batteries

at drill in an open field. The sight offered some compensation for missing the big guns in the Princess' party.

Eighty per cent of the Swiss farm houses are unpainted, but they generally have some sort of carved wood ornamentation. The climate seems favorable to the preservation of wood and paint is unnecessary.

Berne. The only way to find out about a 1 o'clock train in Europe is to wait until all the intervening trains have gone. They positively withhold information about all trains but the next one. Possibly our French is faulty, but this is such a remote possibility that some other solution must be sought.

Berne is a quaint old city of 68,000 inhabitants. That is necessarily guide-book information. We did not verify the count. It is the capital of Switzerland, and we saw our flag flying over the United States Consulate; but be it recorded to our credit, we did not bother the Consul for a single thing. The city is one hundred feet above the Aare, whose high banks form vantage points for striking views.

The Federal Palace, where the legislature meets and the executive powers have their offices, is a handsome, modern building, very large and very impressive. The Münster is a

A STREET OF ARCADES

beautiful old sixteenth century church, with high tower and in excellent condition. The view from its terrace is superb. The old Rathhaus has a fine flight of carved steps and is profusely adorned with the coats of arms of the different Bernese districts.

All of the above we saw, and they are distinctly worth seeing. Then we drove a long distance out of our way to see the bear garden. And of all the rusty, patched-up, moth-eaten, decrepit old bears that ever leaned against the side of a bear pit for support, these four were the worst. They could not stand up straight, their heads drooped to one side, and their tongues hung out. Some children were feeding them carrots and they had barely sufficient energy or intelligence to eat. A good upholsterer could be used to advantage on the famous Bernese bears.

We next formed part of a crowd of several hundred on foot and in carriages gathered in front of the Zeitglockenthurn. This was once the west gate of Berne, but is now in the center of the city. Its east side bears a curious clock. Every sixty minutes a toy rooster flaps its wings and crows and a troop of bears march around a sitting figure of a man. Then this figure strikes the hour with a small hammer

and another little old man turns an hourglass upside down. A large part of the audience was made up of natives, and their pride and pleasure over their clock was pleasant to see. In addition to its mechanical accomplishments, the clock is a handsome old affair, well worth a visit.

Berne is widely known for its blocks of arcades for foot passengers, and its curious and grotesque fountains. The Ogre Fountain is perhaps the most unusual. It is a figure of a man engaged in eating babies. One partly devoured infant protrudes from his mouth and his pockets and belt are filled with frightened, crying babies. He might make an appropriate allegorical figure for the front of an apartment building, but standing in the Corn Market, as he does, it is hard to see what good purpose he subserves. Perhaps the nurse girls use him to quiet, but not to calm, their charges.

We had a two-hours' drive and saw a great deal, including the always-present Kursaal, which is on an eminence commanding a good view of the city. We ate luncheon at the Hotel Suisse. They called it luncheon. It consisted of eight full courses. A sign in the dining-room stated that "The consummations in the Restaurant are not charged in the hotel

THE OLD CLOCK AT BERNE

bill," so we paid the waitress and voted it "a consummation devoutly to be wished."

Berne does not assume metropolitan airs, but it is very pretty and scrupulously clean. It is well paved and has a good trolley system. Dogs are used for hauling here, as in Interlaken and, I believe, all over Switzerland. B. does not like it, but the dogs seem to enjoy it. It certainly is better than the women and oxen combinations of Italy.

It is a circus to see B. unlimber her camera and go into action. She will not push the button until everything is exactly right, and by that time business is suspended for blocks and the natives begin to gather. Their favorite massing point is in front of the lens, and if they can get into a picture they are happy.

The confidence which the Swiss and Italians place in strangers is marvelous. In many large establishments they offer to ship anything you may select to your home address and will await your remittance until the goods arrive. They will leave a tray of jewelry in your lap and go out of the store for change. Parenthetically, they never have change. A ten-franc note sends them all around the block and they will call in the family to look at a fifty-franc (ten-dollar) bill. Well, to resume

the subject of their trustful natures, at Berne we wanted to photograph the old clock from a second-story window. The druggist, who lived over his shop, was smilingly coöperative when he found out our desire. He took us upstairs and ushered us into the room having the proper outlook. This proved to be the dining-room and the table was set. On it was a fair display of silver. He explained our errand to his wife and they both withdrew and closed the door after them, leaving us the sole occupants during the several minutes required to take the picture. Could anything have been more delicately courteous? Our grateful thanks was all the reward they would accept.

We are at Zurich for forty-eight minutes. It is the largest town in Switzerland, having over 150,000 inhabitants. It is very metropolitan in appearance and is as lively and bustling as an American city. Trolley cars are dashing past the depot in every direction. The cars are light blue in color. In the square facing the station is a handsome fountain and statue of Albert Escher, the founder of the St. Gotthard railway. At present, a dog is being rescued from its basin and is showering his appreciation on all around him with vigorous vibrations. This and a magnificent view of the Alps were

about all we had time to note after getting our baggage in order.

We had three companions in our compartment en route from Berne. They were the most voluble talkers we have so far encountered—and that is saying a great deal. The art of conversation is highly cultivated—or rather it grows rank—all through Italy and Switzerland. Whatever the age or condition, wherever you see two or three gathered together, you may be sure of a whirlwind of chatter. Their natures seem more volatile than ours and their thoughts pass off into words at a much lower boiling point.

We are off again, this time for Neuhausen, where we will see the Falls of the Rhine. We will cross that historic stream in a few minutes. Our road is built over a viaduct 194 feet above the river, which looks very beautiful but not very large, beneath us. It is about one hundred yards wide at this point and of a dark green color.

Our itinerary specifies Schaffhausen as our stopping place, with a carriage ride to Neuhausen afterwards. There is where a lover of maps and time tables was useful. B. discovered that we would reach Neuhausen before Schaffhausen, so we dismounted at the

former place, thereby saving a full hour. Our train was late, and the original plan would have made snap-shots problematical, if not impossible.

We had a glimpse of the Falls between tunnels before arriving, and they are beautiful. The river is green like Niagara, and where it takes its plunge of seventy-five feet it changes to a pale emerald drenched in foam. An enterprising Swiss has built a café on the spot commanding the best view and tenders his hospitality to all kodakers.

Our driver into Schaffhausen was a good old German-Swiss, who pointed out the sights, and if we could have understood him, it would have been fine. As it is, we are still in doubt as to whether a certain building near the Falls is an aluminum factory or an electric light plant which furnishes the illumination at night. Twice a week, every point over and under the water is lighted and the colors are made to shift and play as in an electric fountain. To-night is one of the nights, but as we get up at four we will exchange the beautiful sight for a few hours' rest.

The first hotel visited was full and recommended another in the same block. As we desired above all things, proximity to the

depot, we acted on the recommendation. We secured the last room in this hotel. Our suspicions are being aroused by the frequency with which we capture the last room and, of course, the worst. Can it be a cunning scheme on the part of these landlords to dispose of their worst rooms to hurried foreigners at the top price? I turn the thought over to the prospective voyager as worthy of further investigation. Our room is a queer one. It is very much inside and has a good view of an adjoining bed-room six feet away and the dining-room on the floor below. We have three beds, making up in beds what we lack in outlook. The top covering is more like a downy feather mattress than a covering. It is fully a foot thick and very light and warm when over you. It cannot be tucked in, of course, and if you are a restless sleeper you will spend a good deal of time recovering it from the floor.

The people here are German-Swiss, industrious and orderly. The town is Swabian in its origin and retains many old landmarks and characteristics. It has many quaint buildings and a Münster which our brief stay forbade our visiting. It is connected with Neuhausen by a trolley line which is well patronized on

illumination nights. The evening is quite cool, but we took a stroll after dinner and saw the outside of some queer-looking shops. Among many funny names was that of the proprietor of the National Hotel—A. Rumpus. We did not stir him up.

August 14th. Our porter was informed last night that if he did not waken us on time—at 4 sharp—he would get no fee. It is now 4:15 and he has done nothing but knock at our door at intervals of two minutes since 3:55. Apparently there will be no way to combat his claim to a tip.

The local fire department was in consultation at Neuhausen last evening as we drove past. They were gathered in front of the engine-house (if they boast an engine). Their uniform consisted of shirt and trousers ad libitum, hatchet in belt, coil of rope over shoulder and a black shiny helmet, very shallow and moored to its fastenings by a strap passing under the chin. A good-sized conflagration would feel insulted at having that crowd arrayed against it—insulted but not put out.

In going to Bale, en route to Paris, you retrace your steps to Eglisau, where you change cars. We have been fortunate in this matter of changing cars. Having neither read-

ing nor speaking acquaintance with any foreign language, we may be surrounded by explicit directions on these matters, but we do not recognize them. And the directions cease when you get into a compartment. At some time in the future, when I have plenty of leisure, I mean to take one of these change-car trips and stay in my compartment and see where they will take me and what they will do with me, having taken me there. At Schaffhausen, we formed the acquaintance of an intelligent English-speaking porter at the depot, who gave us explicit traveling directions and joined us in criticising Swiss railroad management. For example, in order to reach Paris by daylight, you must start from Schaffhausen at 5:12 in the morning, and you wait two hours at Bale, with little to do and regretting your lost sleep.

Of course we were too early for breakfast at the hotel, and the only restaurant open at the depot was the one reserved for third-class passengers. We had a hard time in making our wants known, though why so much doubt should exist on so simple a proposition as a continental breakfast is not clear. Finally we landed some rolls, butter, honey and coffee, but chocolate was out of the question. Evidently, third-class people do not drink

chocolate. The breakfast was clean and palatable, and but for the fact that our table companions were two drunken men and a crazy one, we could not have asked for better treatment.

At some small Swiss hamlet we saw a dead wall from which fluttered a much faded advertisement of "Barnum and Bailey's Greatest Show on Earth." The date was obliterated; the red and green of the lions and the spangles and pink of the performers were fast merging into colorless oblivion, but there was enough of it left to make us straighten up and realize that although other countries might have old masters and museums and galleries, our own United States was the only one in which flourished that king of literateurs, the composer of the circus bill. His only European rival in imaginative fiction is the composer of the hotel bill.

Once before we were reminded of home on this trip by hearing the sad, sweet wail of a graphophone issuing from the interior of a farm house. I am a free trader by instinct, but if the children of Switzerland and Italy can place an embargo on these machines, which must otherwise contaminate their sweet and natural music, the end would justify the

means. There may be countries whose native music would be improved if crossed with these rubber-throated sirens—China, for instance. But to send the "Bamboo Tree" and its ilk into a country saturated with great compositions is positively wicked.

Our railroad ride after changing cars at Eglisau was the first bit of rough navigation we have struck since leaving the ocean steamer. Making notes was out of the question. The problem was how to keep your seat. Here again, the Germans, in their bid for tourists' business, have a strong argument, for most tourists come from the opposite direction and this roadbed makes a bad introduction to the mountains and lakes of Switzerland.

XIII

Bale and the Ride to Paris

WE HAD an hour and a half at Bale (Basel in English), a very old town with scars dating back to the days of Roman occupation. It is on the Rhine and has three bridges, only one of which is old enough to be interesting (1225) and it is being rebuilt. They are too thrifty to build one thing on top of another here as they do in Rome, but commit the sacrilege of keeping things in repair.

We took an hour's drive through the city. The cabs have a clock-work device on the back of the driver's seat and in view of the occupant, which registers the amount of your bill as you proceed. The fare is a franc for the first fifteen minutes and ten centimes for every three minutes thereafter. You can sit in the cab and watch your expenses roll up two-thirds of a cent per minute and when you feel that you have spent all that you can afford, you can jump out or stick your finger into the works of the clock. There is danger

that some tourists would miss the surrounding sights in their concern about the clock.

We passed the Strassburg monument, erected in memory of the aid rendered by Switzerland to the women and children of Strassburg during and after the siege of 1870. It was designed by Bartholdi. Then we drove to the Münster, a beautiful old church fairly peeping over the banks of the Rhine, which flows through a deep valley, sixty-five feet below. The terrace in the rear gives the best view of the Rhine and the Black Forest hills of any point in Bale. The oldest parts of the building date from 1185, although its foundation is ascribed to Emperor Henry II in 1010. The interior has much sculpture and modern stained windows, but is not so oppressively ornate as the cathedrals of Italy.

Then we drove to the Rathhaus in the market place, restored in 1824 and so bright and new in its decorations that one almost expected to find the scaffolding unremoved. The pictures were painted on the wooden walls. Some were beautiful, while others were grotesque and represented dwarfs and gnomes and all sorts of hideous figures. They tend in that direction here as in Berne. One dry-goods emporium is called "Magazin du Wilde

Mann" and has a figure of a desperate-looking wild man over the main entrance. Possibly it commemorates some one who went shopping with his wife or who tried to buy a spool of silk to match the green in a plaid figure. Whatever its origin or meaning, there it stands in repellent nakedness that would frighten trade away in America.

There is a fine museum in Bale, but we felt as if a visit to it would overtax our brief time. Besides, that cabman's clock was staring at us, an unwavering reminder pointing its admonishing finger at two francs and a half, so we drove to the bahnhof, and climbed into our compartment in the 10:22 train for Paris.

That is, we did not do it quite as smoothly as that reads. We recovered our luggage from the check-room, and, not seeing a porter, struggled with it to a point about midway of the platform, erected a barricade of baggage, and waited for our train, which had not yet backed in. I was mopping my brow and thinking, now that it was over, that really I had not needed a porter after all. We noticed quite a number of subdued-looking travelers lined up at the entrance to our platform and rather wondered at their failure to follow our lead, when a polite young man in uniform stepped

THE FLOWER MARKET AT BALE

up, lifted his hat, was very sorry, but would we please go away back to the starting point and do it all over again when the train came in? We considered that it would be discourteous to refuse so pressing an encore, so we obeyed. Of what use is a heritage of freedom to a man when he cannot carry it with him and blast presumptuous foreign officials with it? In a few minutes the train backed in and, having vindicated some inexplicable essential of their railroad system, we were allowed to enter one of the "wagons" as the Swiss call their cars.

We have a diner on this train and a very handsome upholstered compartment with no other occupant. We cross a narrow strip of Germany before entering France. Our luggage was examined at Bale and an hour later at Petit Croix. At the latter point we were marched out, bag and baggage, into a room with a long counter, upon which our suit cases, etc., were placed. We unlocked them, the customs officials asked if we had any liquor or cigars, we said "No," and without opening anything they chalked a number on each piece. We then passed into a small room, furnished with seats, where we awaited the unlocking of a door leading back to the train. We were detained for some time and we afterwards

discovered that this was to allow a thorough search of the compartments. Moral: If you *must* smuggle, put your dutiable articles into your valise and shove it under the official's nose.

We are now feasting our eyes upon the French soldier in all his diminutive glory. He wears red, baggy trousers, a blue coat with epaulets, and a red cap. He would make a fine target for a sharpshooter, but his size would make him difficult to hit. There are dozens of him at every station. In addition thereto, the landscape is brightened by an occasional Zouave, whose design seems to be to make the enemy laugh and to overcome him while he is in an hysterical condition.

We returned from the dining-car and found our compartment, which we left closed, curtained, clean and cool, occupied by a portly Frenchman who had opened every aperture and was sound asleep and being gradually banked in with dust and cinders. We closed them promptly and, perhaps, vigorously. At any rate, something awakened him, and, after a grunt at the unwelcome intrusion, he went into another compartment and we saw him no more. We changed time at Petit Croix and dropped one of our hard-earned hours and are

now only six hours ahead of Chicago. When we arose at 4 this morning at Schaffhausen, it was 9 the night before at home.

We are passing whole townships of highly cultivated farms and the absence of fences is one peculiar thing that strikes a Westerner. There are no cattle in sight, and apparently fences are considered an unnecessary expense. Occasional irregularly-shaped patches are temporarily enclosed, but that is all. Crop rotation is practiced here in perfection. Each field looks like an experimental tract. The different grains are planted in narrow strips from 50 to 150 yards wide. Clover, exhausted earth's best revivifier, predominates. The country roads are paved like boulevards and wind along curved lines of least resistance in a manner strikingly different from the right-angled section lines of our prairie States. Billboards that unblushingly advertise chicory are strung along the track, and these indicate the reason for so much bad coffee in France.

Harvesting is under way through much of this part of the country, and in one field men were actually cutting the grain with a scythe! No wonder the wheat was shocked. Our train just passed through a heavy rain which will catch a good deal of grain on the ground. The women

will come out to-morrow with forks and toss and turn it in the air until it is thoroughly dried. On one farm they were threshing wheat with flails. Think of it! Actually pounding out the kernels as did the Egyptians four thousand years ago. Much of the farm work is done by women, because the men are needed by the government to wear red breeches and swagger and flirt around the railway stations. And when their term of enlistment is over, they are of little use as laborers. They prefer to sit around and think how fortunate the world is that France did not get mad and go to fighting while they were in harness.

Before reaching our terminus in Paris we saw a mechanical contrivance noteworthy as being an improvement over the United States method of accomplishing the same result. They have a cross-track trolley arrangement whereby cars are moved sideways from one track to another without the time and labor required to back them to a switch for the purpose.

THE WOODEN STATUE AT THE RATHHAUS

XIV

Paris

THIS is Gay Paree! We pulled into a rather American-looking station, the Gare du l'Est. It is almost 6 o'clock and nothing yet suggests any difference between this and an American depot. Here comes a difference—a blessed one. A portino (now a facteur) opens the door to our compartment, and, being told to deliver us to a fiacre, starts off with our luggage. In my haste I used the French word for sidewalk instead of carriage, but I notice that it does not make much difference what word is used. They always give us what they think we should have.

After we had passed through the gates, we discovered that we were in a pandemonium that discounted anything up to date and made memories of the Board of Trade dwindle to mere baby's prattle. Our cabby was directed to take us to the rather obscure hotel which had been recommended to us, and, with a sagacity which we appreciated more after witnessing its obscurity, he found it. We drove through crowds in the gathering gloom, with

drizzling rain falling around us, amid dodging and dripping human forms, through not brilliantly lighted streets, until we groaned in spirit, "O Paris, where is thy gayety?"

Our first impression of the hotel was a dampener, but as the weather outside was more literally a dampener and as our stay was to be short, we agreed to the high price demanded and were shown to our room. It is the best in the house, and detached from its environment and properly lighted it would not be a bad room. But we were taken up to it in a circular lift, about as big as a barrel, and only used as a *lift*. In descending, guests are requested to use the stairs. As there was no elevator boy in attendance and as the confined space in the car made one feel as if he were being pushed into a gun barrel by a ramrod, we gave our entire patronage to the stairway after that initial trip. And the exasperating thing about it is that the electric light and the "ascenseur" are the two things featured by this hostelry.

We are on the third floor front, and although the Rue des Mathurins is not a prominent street on the map of Paris, you get the impression that most of the heavy teaming passes along it. I imagine that if we were transported in our sleep to a boiler factory in active oper-

ation, the silence would awaken us. You doubtless recall the lady who aroused her husband and said she was sure there were burglars in the next flat because the dog had stopped barking. We could appreciate the awakening effect of silence after we had learned to sleep on the Rue des Mathurins.

The table is not bad. Bad cooking does not exist in Paris. We ate in big and little cafés, some with elaborate menus and high prices, others very simple and cheap, and we always found the food palatable and well cooked and the vegetables tender and properly seasoned. The thrift of this hotel is manifested in its bill of fare, of which there is one copy, written with pen and ink and circulated from guest to guest until all have perused it.

The pedestrian has as few rights here as he had in the United States during the bicycle craze—fewer in fact—for if he is run over he is liable to be arrested for obstructing traffic. There is just one thing that indicates some desire to preserve the walking habit. In the center of most streets, at frequent intervals, are placed small havens of refuge, six inches higher than the street level and curbed like the sidewalks. Here the fleeing pedestrian may claim privilege of sanctuary. There is a

street lamp in the center of each retreat, which he can climb if hard pressed. Were it not for these havens it would be difficult for an active man to cross the streets and impossible for the aged and infirm.

Paris partly solves her transportation problem by running double-decked buses, trolleys and railroad coaches. She has a subway, but it is temporarily unpopular on account of an accident which cost several score of lives this week.

The rain has stopped and the sun is setting clear. At home that would mean a clear day to-morrow. In Paris, we learned to our disgust, it means six or seven local showers. It means the same thing if the sunset is cloudy and it means the same thing if the sun sets at all.

Our cabby treated us very nicely when we landed at the hotel. He knew we were foreigners. Our struggles with "Rue des Mathurins" when we gave him the direction forever settled that. How he ever deduced "Mathurán" with the accent on the ultimate from our "Mathúrins" with a strong emphasis on the *u* and the final *s* not merely pronounced but lovingly lingered over, will always be a mystery to us. And yet he did not overcharge us and was very civil. Another fable exploded!

PARISIAN TRAMWAYS

After dinner we took our umbrellas and eagerly started for a walk. We were near the Champs Elysees and anxious to gaze at that famous boulevard, even at night. We passed through several streets whose names had a familiar ring, Royale and Faubourg St. Antoine, for example, and reached the Place de la Concorde, from which we wandered up the Elysian boulevard. It was damp and muddy, with water dripping from the trees and the lights in front of the various music halls blinking through tears. The theater which we meant to attend would not open until 9:30, and as we wanted to see Paris by daylight and sleep a little at night, we hailed a cabby with a white plug hat and were driven to the Moulin Rouge.

This matter of hats is an important one in choosing a driver. Those with white hats have better horses and drive faster. Another local distinction well to remember is that pneumatic-tired vehicles carry bells on their horses and cost ten cents an hour more.

The Moulin Rouge, which once stood for all that was Parisian and was only mentioned in whispers, has been transformed into a vaudeville, and its patronage is divided between people who want a respectable show and know of the change, and those who are not advised

of the reformation and are accordingly disappointed.

After a number of typical continental vaudeville acts, consisting of vocal solos by an assortment of male and female singers, ranging in quality from bad to worse, the "Belle of New York" was given in French. We stayed through one act and left, not shocked but sleepy. The French actors who portrayed Americans unconsciously avenged their countrymen for the comic "Boulevardier" of the United States brand of musical comedy. They wore linen suits, straw hats, and belts from which at frequent intervals they jerked small revolvers and fired them into the air—so very American! It positively made us homesick.

The applause was ninety per cent furnished by the "claque," a body of men and boys about twenty-four in number, seated on opposite sides of the gallery, who are paid to applaud. As regularly as clock-work they exploded into stormy hand-clapping when the cue was given or when certain actors or actresses left the stage. What good purpose is served that is an offset to the disturbance created, is not clear. It certainly cannot fool the audience nor inspire the actor. It is too palpable, too mechanical.

August 15th. The first soap we have seen in Europe, except that brought by us, was in the toilet-room in the car of the East of France Railway between Bale and Paris. It was ground out like pepper, by turning a crank. It was in the form of powder, and when it came to the friction point it was as elusive as quicksilver.

We discovered that it *is* Gay Paree at 7:30 last evening on the Rue Royale. A soldier and his girl were strolling leisurely along that busy and well-lighted street with arms about each other. That seemed pretty gay, but when, within six feet of us, they kissed with a loud, undisguised smack, it was quite startling to unsophisticated eyes and ears.

It might be interesting to mention some of the other sights within ten minutes' walk of our hotel.

The Madeleine is near us. It is of pure Grecian architecture, overlaid when we saw it with scaffolding. It was being repaired or cleaned. Next year ought to be a splendid one for seeing Europe. About half of our long-dreamed-of visions in the way of buildings, cathedrals, etc., have had to be viewed through the swinging ropes or supporting beams of cleaners or repairers. The Madeleine has no

windows, hence its many beautiful paintings are hardly distinguishable. Its organ is one of the best in Paris.

The Rue Royale leads from the Madeleine to the Place de la Concorde. This street was the scene of many Communard outrages in 1871—more serious than the one to our feelings last evening.

The Place de la Concorde is the largest and prettiest of the many beauty spots of Paris. It is 390 by 235 yards, given up entirely to pleasing the eye. Paris is not niggardly in such matters. The Champs Elysees bounds it on the west and the garden of the Tuileries on the east, so the setting is worthy of the gem. Here was placed the bloody guillotine, so busy during the "glorious revolution of 1788." Here perished Louis XVI, Marie Antoinette, Charlotte Corday, later the party of Marat, followed by Danton and his friends, and finally Robespierre himself was swallowed up in the flood released by his own hand. In twenty-seven months over twenty-eight hundred people were beheaded on this dream spot, and now Paris seeks to blot out the memory with flowers and statues. The obelisk in the middle was presented by Mohammed Ali to Louis Philippe.

The Place Vendôme has a large column in the center with an ascending coil of bronze plates, commemorating Napoleon's victories over the Russians and Austrians in 1805. This spiral band is three hundred yards in length, the figures are three feet high, and many of them are portraits. It is hard to realize that French soldiers could ever have whipped anybody. Like many other shafts in Paris, the Column Vendôme has had its ups and downs. It has had three or four different statues at the top and was completely overthrown on one occasion.

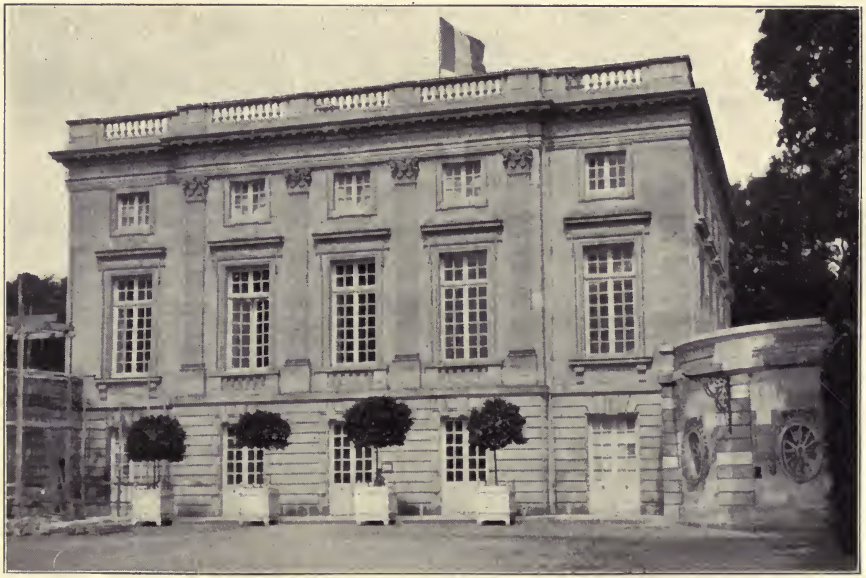
The Place de l'Opera is at the convergence of six streets. The Opera House, which gives it its name, covers three acres and cost, with its site, almost ten million dollars. We did not enter the magnificent interior, so that any description given here would be wholly Baedeker.

Cook's office faces it on the opposite side of the square. That recalls an incident which illustrates the difficulty of understanding English as it falls from the lips of some Englishmen. Cook runs coach excursions to Fontainebleau twice each week. We dropped in on a Fontainebleau day, and having transacted our business, were on our way out,

when an American lady entered. The manager of the coach trip stepped up to her and said in purest British, "Are you for Fontainebleau?" She looked dazed for a moment, and then faltered, "I beg your pardon. I speak only English." Collapse of the man from Cook's.

Our first day in Paris was a fête day, Assumption Day. Paris may not be moral, but she is religious, and never so religious as in the matter of holidays. Every place of business was closed except the wineshops and cafés.

So we took a suburban train to Versailles. This is a ride of about fourteen miles, through Sèvres, St. Cloud and other pretty suburbs, requiring forty-five minutes. Paris viewed from the high points in the neighborhood is almost hidden by trees. No other large city is so beautiful in foliage. The suburban trains are divided into first, second and third class cars, the last named being double-deckers. Passing through Versailles from the depot to the palace, we rode on top of a bus. We saw a dog running away with a steak from a butcher's stall. The blue price mark was still affixed. The butcher gave chase, kicked the dog, who dropped the steak and made off. The butcher gathered up the remains and restored it to the counter without changing the price.



THE PETIT TRIANON

The palace was closed, but the grounds were open and we started to walk to the Petit Trianon. We found the park one of magnificent distances, and were glad to hail a cab after walking for some time.

The palace and park cost one hundred million dollars, and were constructed at a time when more than half of France was starving. Thirty-six thousand men and six thousand horses were employed at one time on the terraces, drives and other parts of the grounds. Much of the ornamentation is in the most artificial style imaginable, the trees being trimmed in all sorts of unnatural shapes—pyramids, cubes and cones predominating. There is a magnificent electric fountain which plays on the first Sunday of each month. Many beautiful statues surround the fountain and hundreds are scattered about the grounds. A large equestrian statue of Louis XIV stands in the courtyard of the palace.

A guard admitted us to the Petit Trianon, and we dropped behind him long enough to get a photograph of Marie Antoinette's bedroom. Then we went through the grounds and saw the hamlet with cottages, water-mill, tower and dairy where she and her court ladies played at peasant life and exasperated still

more the peasants who were doing the real thing all about them.

It seemed very impressive to tread so much of the ground that the Bourbons made infamous. We peeked in through the window of the dairy where Marie Antoinette played at making butter, while Louis XVI churned the blood of his people into gold to spend on frivolity. We stood under the very trees where she trembled in flight from the bread-hungry, bloodthirsty mob.

We returned to Paris for luncheon, followed by a drive on the Champs Elysees. We went out past the Arc de Triomphe, beyond the walls, and a short distance on the Bois de Boulogne. This is a bit of country right on the edge of Paris. The especial point in taking you outside the fortifications (where there is nothing to be seen) is that the tariff when so driven is half a franc per hour higher. Not oppressive, to be sure, but illustrative of the microscopic sweep of your purse that these foreigners take.

On the Bois de Boulogne the third shower of the day came up—or came down. Paris is famed for its sobby weather. There were five short and sudden showers to-day, with sunshine between. The cabbies take it as a matter

of course. They drive up to a curb, put up the carriage top, put on a rubber cape, draw a rubber blanket over their knees, laugh and drive on. When a Paris cab has its top up, you might as well be lying on your face in a closed freight car, so far as seeing your surroundings is concerned.

We drove through the Latin Quarter to the place where once stood the Bastile. The place is marked by the Column of July. Then we went to the Louvre, which was closed, and through the Tuileries, which is beautiful with flowers and statuary. By that time it was cold, damp and windy and the ingredients for shower number six were being mixed, so we gave it up for that day.

Paris cabbies are expert whips. The white-hatted ones are especially so, and can drive at top speed among vehicles and pedestrians and never scrape a wheel. Some credit must be given to the people, whose agility enables them to escape. We finally gave up trying to converse with our cabby. Our French, weak at first, is so diluted with Italian as to be unrecognizable. We hope to get home before we lose our English, or acquire that of Great Britain. Really, our remarks to each other are frequently quite broken.

Paris is a marvelously clean city. A day in the rain makes a pretty good test. You do not see any very fashionably-dressed people here—overdressed, I mean, such as you see on Broadway. Nor have we noticed any excess of gayety except in the case of the soldier and his sweetheart. It is here, though. The atmosphere is charged with it and only needs a conductor to create a spark. Of course, the best people do not stay in Paris in July and August, and one can hardly blame them. It is raw, damp and chilly.

The papers, news and illustrated, and the post cards are sold from little hexagonal booths on the curb. These are lighted up at night and are covered with advertising matter. There are many wineshops and the sidewalk cafés are numerous and well patronized.

THE MILL HOUSE AT VERSAILLES

XV

More Paris

AUGUST 16th. A clear sunrise and kodak stock is looking up. Paris is more "wide open" on Sunday than on Monday, so far as galleries and museums are concerned. Those places are closed on Monday to enable the attendants to rest.

Bicycles retain their hold on popular favor better here than in any city we have visited. In spite of their general instinct for the attractive in dress, the Parisienne wears bloomers awheel, almost without exception.

Here is a street scene which I hope is typical. By it one policeman has elevated the whole force in the eyes of two Americans. An old woman, apparently eighty years of age, stopped and asked him for a direction, putting down her bundles as she did so. He talked with her a few minutes and then, gathering up her packages, walked a block with her and assisted her across the mad whirl of a Paris street. Having reached the limit of his territory, he restored her bundles and pointed

out the balance of her journey. He was so big and strong and she was so little and old that it made a good picture to remember.

In spite of the hopeful weather view expressed at the opening of to-day's journal, we had four showers this morning, and were finally driven home in despair.

We went to the Pantheon, where Voltaire and Victor Hugo are buried. It was too early for the opening hour, 10 o'clock, so we did not get in. So many of these places do not plan to accommodate Americans who are "doing" Europe in three weeks and working sixteen hours a day. At the suggestion of our fatherly old cabby, we drove to Notre Dame, where mass was being chanted at one end of the church and furniture dragged around at the other. None of the cathedrals have permanent seats. A sufficient number of benches to accommodate the worshipers are placed in front of the altar, but in no case do they represent one-fiftieth part of the possible seating capacity of the church. At our distance the mass resolved itself into a hum like the buzzing of a fly in a bottle. The church is decorated with flags and the "F. R." of the Republic is prominent throughout the interior. As between church and state, there can be no

question as to which rules in Paris. The church is very much subordinated to the state.

Then we went to the Louvre and raced through picture galleries at a two-minute gait. Small boxes of ground resin, placed at convenient intervals, would enable tourists to make these galleries much faster and with less danger of slipping. We paused at the crown jewels of the Empire; saw a three-million-dollar diamond and a four-hundred-thousand-dollar sword; gazed at a few of Italy's old masters and France's old mistresses and concluded once more that further inspection with our limited time would only aggravate our regret at departure, and so went to luncheon. We were caught in shower number five on our way home and had scarcely alighted from the cab when the sun came out brightly and it has been shining vigorously ever since.

We passed the morgue yesterday. Some victims of the underground railway disaster were being taken to the cemetery. The hearses have no glass sides, but are open to wind and rain. A company of twenty or thirty men walked behind and the others, including women and children, followed in a bus.

After weighing time and weather conditions, we have concluded to return to Versailles to-

day and see some of the things which we missed yesterday. It is cloudy again and will doubtless rain within ten minutes. That suggests another advantage at Versailles. The palace does not leak and we can defy the weather bureau.

It is only fair to state that there may have been a shower or two yesterday while we were in the Louvre, but they were not included in the count. There is no desire to do an injustice to the most versatile rain-maker ever encountered.

By the way (sun's out again), after practicing six months on "Loov" and saying it three or four times to the driver, he pondered a moment, scratched his head, brightened up and said, "Oh! Oui! Louver," with the *r* distinctly sounded. It is the same way with all our French. After we have pronounced anything several times in the most approved style, they shift the accent, grin and take you there.

Do not use American-plan hotels in traveling. The time and cab fare spent in returning to meals offset the saving.

Versailles again. The palace is intensely interesting. The sleeping and living rooms of Louis XIV and his successors are shown and the Œil de Bœuf, whose big, unwinking ox

THE ARC DE TRIOMPHE

eye gazes as placidly at bustling tourists as it did at scheming courtiers of two centuries ago. Marie Antoinette's boudoir and her very bed bring visions of long-forgotten history to mind, while under her portrait still swings the little secret door through which she ran to escape the mob. We looked out the same windows through which she watched them clamoring for her head, and saw their descendants peaceably promenading these courtyards and basking in the blessings of "Liberty, Fraternity and Equality" earned for them by crazed and starving peasants. We saw portraits and busts innumerable of Louis XIV, who was the Emperor William of his day on likenesses. And he was not a bad-looking chap, with his long dark curls falling over his shoulders. One painter, who must have needed the money badly, has painted Louis, his wife, children and relatives as gods and goddesses in high Olympus, sitting on clouds and beaming placidly at the spectators.

From the palace the natural step is to go to the Grand Trianon. Louis built this as a retreat from the office-seekers, courtiers and grafters of his day. For in those days, even as now, increased power and patronage meant increased demands. The Grand Trianon is a

one-story building which, with its grounds, occupies the site of the village of Trianon, demolished at a king's word. The rooms are beautifully furnished. One still has the imperial fittings designed in honor of an expected visit from Queen Victoria, a visit which circumstances prevented her making.

The museum of carriages is near. It contains eight state carriages, dating from Napoleon's reign, the newest bearing the "F. R." of the republic and almost as ornate as those of monarchical days. There were also harness, saddles, sedan chairs and sleighs from 1663 up to date. Some of the sleighs were daintily decorated with paintings and were especially designed for that July sleigh ride of Maintenon's over roads covered with salt and under a summer sun. Surely, frivolity went mad in those wicked days.

With visions of such frolics in our minds we clambered into a prosaic bus for the station and thence by "le premier train pour Paris." And it was "pour Paris," for it rained twice on our way back, as it had twice on our way to Versailles.

The streets of Paris are well marked by name-plates set in the walls of the corner buildings, with large, distinct letters and twelve feet

above the sidewalk. It is impossible to make a mistake.

August 17th. This is our only shopping day. Yesterday was Sunday, and the day before, fête was against us. We leave to-morrow for London, whose fogs cannot be much more discouraging to our kodak than the fickleness of Parisian weather. There has not been enough rain in the aggregate to make a good American downpour, but it has been sprinkled out at the rate of two showers per hour with three to ten minutes to the shower.

Bread is certainly the staff of life here. It is madé in all shapes and sizes, from the hickory-nut bun, which should be served with a nut-cracker, to the big loaf about as long as an umbrella and more waterproof, which is carried about unwrapped in all sorts of weather. It has a crust impervious to ordinary assault and gathers all sorts of glacial deposits in its travels. The first performance at breakfast is to scrape your bread, after which you salt your butter.

We soon tired of shopping at the Bon Marché. When you see something you want, marked with an attractive price, you pick it up and start after a salesman. There seems to be no precaution taken against your walking out

with it. Possibly the attempt would have developed the precaution. Then, having found a clerk, you overcome his scruples against parting with the article, and having won him over, you two start for the cashier's desk, but not until he has laboriously marked a number on your purchase with a lead pencil. Our particular initial purchase was a handkerchief, and its appearance was not improved by the marking. The sale is entered with pen and ink in a large book. You pay the cashier, receive your change, and start after something else. Prices are low, and with American management and a simplified system, business could be doubled.

The Tomb of Napoleon is in the grounds of the Hotel des Invalides and under the dome thereof. This was formerly an old soldiers' home and had a capacity for seven thousand veterans. France now only admits those who are absolutely incapacitated for work and the number has dwindled to less than two hundred. The "soldier vote" in France is numerous enough, but apparently lacks organization. The main buildings are used for military museums.

The tomb is a grand structure, fittingly commemorative of the resistless spirit whose dust

THE TOMB OF NAPOLEON

is there entombed to be stared at by tourists. We went further in our sacrilege than to stare. We pressed the button. After taking two views of the interior, it occurred to us to ask permission to take another. This quickly developed a negative, so the two taken have the additional flavor of forbidden fruit.

The mosaic pavement on which the sarcophagus rests is inscribed with the names of battlefields, eight in number—all victories. Waterloo is not mentioned. The sarcophagus itself is carved from a single block of porphyry and weighs over sixty-seven tons. The cases around the walls are filled with flags wrested from the conquered of all nations.

The prettiest picture of all was wholly extemporaneous. An old soldier, with snowy mustache and imperial, sat in a wheeled chair, feeding crumbs to a score of sparrows that chattered and quarreled over his bounty. They seemed emblematic of the departure of war's alarms as they hopped fearlessly about him, in whose placid face you saw little of past carnage but much of present peace and the hope of a not very remote reunion with his confrères of the Empire.

The Eiffel Tower is 984 feet high. The ascent is made by three elevators. The first runs on

an inclined plane. The others go straight up and have counterbalancing cars on opposite sides. The base covers two and a half acres and the whole is so graceful and well proportioned as to appear shorter than it really is. The view is grand. It rained on the way up. The top is filled with souvenir booths and slot machines. Everything up there was high, so we made only a few purchases.

Alexander Bridge is a beautiful structure, the permanent legacy of the last Exposition. It is rich in bronze and gold.

The Luxembourg was "fermé," a sign much in evidence in Paris. We drove through the Place de la Carrousel, so named on account of an equestrian ball given here by Louis XIV in 1662. On one side of the Place is an Arc de Triomphe, smaller than the one at the head of the Champs Elysees and modeled after the Arch of Constantine in Rome. Facing the Arch is a statue of Gambetta.

We tried another shop, the Magasins du Printemps, where we bought some gloves, but found nothing else which could be purchased to advantage.

We dropped in on a dealer in antiquities. The shop was small, and unattended until numerous clearings of the throat summoned a

large and indifferent Frenchwoman from the living room adjoining. She showed a great aversion to parting with her beloved relics. The only articles we priced were a pair of egg-cups. They were not very attractive. In fact their unattractiveness attracted us. The price was three hundred francs. When we recovered consciousness we were half a block away, with a dim remembrance that the large woman had laughed as we passed out. We drifted into a fruit store and paid eight cents apiece for some peaches, also antiques. No doubt a person who stayed in Paris long enough to learn values could buy cheaply. But for one day's shopping, it is a failure. The minute you pull your faultless "Quel est le prix?" they all lay for you, you are a marked man and prices soar skyward.

"Daisy Bell" with her bicycle built for two seems to be an international favorite. We heard it on the Capri launch, and just now it is being gasped through an asthmatic clarinet under our window.

XVI

London

AUGUST 18th. On the train again, after a lurching cab ride through the crowded Rue Lafayette. Our Jehu seemed determined to destroy trolley competition by pulling up the rails. The way he would swing into the tracks, get his wheels firmly imbedded and then swing out again was a caution. If we had not been so well packed in among our baggage, we must surely have been snapped out like projectiles from a slung-shot.

But, like Mark Twain's stage coach driver, he got us there on time and bluffed his way to the curb through a bewildering mass of people, cabs and buses. There were no porters at this depot, and absence makes the heart grow much fonder of porters. Our luggage has been greatly benefited by this trip and has gained in weight steadily since landing. When we pile our impedimenta around us and glare defiance at the natives, it looks as if a moving van had upset.

Paris is weeping over our departure. But as

she wept over our arrival and has sobbed at intervals during our entire stay, we have concluded that something else must be the cause of her tears. Possibly it is her sins. She must have washed away a good many in the last four days, unless they were fast colors.

The Gare du Nord is the busiest depot we have seen. St. Lazare has more suburban traffic, but the through travel is not so great.

We saw an occasional "boulevardier" in Paris, but the damp weather had taken out all the starch and curl and they were not at their best. They showed plainly, however, that the comic Frenchman of the American stage is not an exaggeration. The three silk-hatted and frock-coated images who sat in the foyer of the Moulin Rouge and appeared to be counting tickets could not be caricatured. And the howling swell who assisted us from our carriage at the same theater and stood, hat in hand, and murmured "Merci" when no mercy was shown him, simply defies description. It was a relief to get inside of that theater and into the hands of young women ushers and programme sellers.

Just beyond Abbeville we saw the most heavily laden apple trees imaginable. The limbs were propped up and the fruit was in great clusters, hundreds to a limb. Again we

saw three or four men mowing a large wheat field with scythes. We have seen only one mowing machine in France.

The train reached Calais at 1:05 P.M., with a high wind blowing and the channel apparently sustaining its reputation for rowdyism. We were an hour and twenty minutes in crossing. The channel is not very wide at this point, but if the wrinkles had been ironed out flat it would have been several times wider. Add to the choppiness a small boat throbbing with machinery at every point and absolutely unventilated, making trips repeatedly, and you get a combination of circumstances difficult to combat with dignity.

Safe in Dover after the regular thing in channel passages. The boys are selling "Lunch Bawskets" and "Tea Bawskets," and supplying telegraph blanks to those desiring them. A lady with a very pale daughter shares our compartment, and sits near the port-hole of the car from habit. The daughter is very languid and querulously repeats, "Mother, cawn't you get me a tea bawsket?" And mother makes another frantic effort, only to be told by the boy, "I have only lunch bawskets, lidy." The daughter said, "I am sure I saw tea bawskets at the other end of the train—

quite at the other end of the train." Finally two separate youngsters start on a run for tea bawskets, and after a while one is triumphantly delivered and half emptied when the second one appears. Solely as explorers, we purchase the second basket and scan its, to us, novel contents. It is a large, flat, wicker receptacle, like a knife tray, with a hinged lid, and contains a pot of hot tea, a cup and spoon, sugar, cream, several thin slices of buttered bread and some sort of cake. It is a very popular combination for those who have not proven good sailors on the channel trip. There is plenty of time to eat the contents and the basket is deposited on the platform. The price is two shillings, and it is pleasant to trade with boys who are so courteous in their behavior and who have such perfect English accents. One is as surprised by the latter as was the lady who discovered in Paris that "little children three or four years old" spoke French.

Here we go through Bonnie England, with miles of neatly-trimmed hedges, past picturesque farmhouses and outbuildings, with thatched roofs covered with green vegetation. We see sheep by the hundred and hens and chickens by the thousand. Everything is orderly and precise. The English language

sounds very musical. The porter's fee at Dover was doubled, so good did it seem to hear his "Wishing a porter, sir?"

London at last. One hour late at Charing Cross station. Such a crowd, such confusion! Americans never acted half so badly in an emergency as did that plain, everyday mob at Charing Cross. Big, burly men elbowed timid little women out of their path in a way to rouse one's ire. We finally flagged a hansom and were driven to a hotel. It was full, and we walked across the street to another one, which took us in—we did not know how badly until we paid our bill. For the first time since leaving the boat, we omitted, when asking the rate, to inquire if the price quoted included all extras, such as lights, attendance, use of the elevator or the toothpicks or the napkins. If you ask, it always does. If this precaution is omitted you leave the bars down for a play of imagination very damaging to your pocketbook.

This hotel was so large, so aristocratic in appearance and reputation, that we refused to insult the manager by a precaution perfectly proper with a cringing continental concierge. And it cost us three shillings per day for "service." Now, if I were a guest of King

IN LONDON

Edward at Windsor, I should insist on knowing whether his hospitality "included everything."

Well, we were in blissful ignorance of all the above when we registered. Our hotel was an imposing affair after the small continental hostelries. We had a comfortable room, electric light, a lift that worked both ways, and all the comforts of modern civilization again.

After dinner on the Strand we went to the theater and found our way home on foot and without much difficulty. Our hotel is near Westminster Abbey, faces Trafalgar Square, is within a stone's throw of the National Gallery and surrounded by theaters.

August 19th. Permit us to blend our voices in the chorus of praise which every one sings for the London policeman. He is the best on earth and has our unqualified approval. He answers questions intelligently and (what is rarer in England) intelligibly. He controls the seething mob around him by lifting his hand. Prince or peasant stops at that signal. There is no grabbing at horses' bridles, no pulling of drivers from seats, no loud talking. Just one hand raised and your very cab-horse knows it and slides along on stiffened limbs to make the required stop. In most of the streets

it is a matter of self-preservation, and the drivers know that the few seconds' delay prevents a tangle that many minutes could not straighten out. Besides, there is another sentiment that controls things in London, a strange, foreign idea, unknown in some American cities, called "respect for the law and the vested authorities." A London bobby would die of shame for his kind could he see a Chicago policeman handle a blockade during a street-car strike, for instance. That does not mean that the policeman is a coward or that he will not club several people into submission in such an emergency and risk his life in the discharge of his duty. It simply means that back of him there is not that indefinable respect for the law which renders clubbing unnecessary.

To-day we will ride on top of the buses and see the Bank of England and other congested sections. There are no trolley lines in the down-town portion of London. Surface transportation is entirely by means of hansoms and buses.

The top is the popular part of the bus. It has seats for twenty-four, while only ten can sit inside. Even in rainy weather you will see passengers outside, and they are frequently

men in silk hats and without umbrellas. The conductors still maintain the practice of soliciting business and there is some rivalry, but competition is not so keen as in the old days when people were fairly dragged into the vehicles by their collars. With the introduction of the ticket system the opportunity for retaining part of the receipts has gone and with it the incentive to hustle for business. Still there is enough of the "Take this one, lidy," to make it exciting and confusing.

We walked to Westminster Abbey, and were glad to stand in reverence at the grave of Charles Dickens in Poets' Corner. Beside him lies David Garrick, and not far off Old Parr sleeps well after one hundred and fifty-two years of life's fitful but, in his case, lingering, fever. You are surrounded by the makers of English history and a mere catalogue of their names is thrilling. Sir Isaac Newton, Fox, Peel, Major André, and hundreds of others are buried there. Services were being held in the King's Chapel, where royalty is entombed, so we were not admitted. We had no desire to pay tribute to Henry VII et al. We were satisfied to know that they were dead and with them much that has darkened England's fairest pages.

In the British Museum we saw a thorn from the true crown. It was mounted in the center of a crystal and set in a locket. How it ever got out of Italy is not explained. This is the largest and most interesting museum on earth. It is a reflection on any one's intelligence to dive into it and out again and then to claim to have seen it. It is a year's study, at least. It has large rooms devoted to special departments, and to know any one of them would be a liberal education. Thirty pages of Baedeker are devoted to it, and prior to the liquefaction of air, Baedeker was the best example of condensation known.

The whole moral atmosphere of London is a relief after Paris and the Continent, but the humidity is about the same. It is as showery as Paris, but the hansom is better for sightseeing on a rainy day than a fiacre with the top up and the driver in front of you. It is not at all foggy, and in the intervals between showers the sun shines brightly.

The restaurants of London are excellent. Most of the historically interesting ones have disappeared or are concealed from the casual visitor by surrounding buildings. The modern ones are rapidly passing into the hands of Italians. One daring American is serving

quick lunches and has a man tossing pancakes in the air in his show window. The mutton chops that you cannot get outside of London are cooked and served in a manner to sustain their reputation. The ice-water demand usually creates a stir. We called for it and one glass was very deliberately brought and placed in front of B. "Where is mine?" I asked. "Oh, do *you* want water, too?" was the waiter's reply in an injured tone, but he brought it.

The messenger boys are interesting. They wear visorless caps, with straps passing under the chin, and the proper thing is to push them as far over one ear as possible. The effect of this, combined with their serious, businesslike expressions, struck us as irresistibly comical.

Regent's Park contains the largest and best arranged Zoo we have ever seen. It lacks the climatic advantages of the Washington Zoo and there are not so many baby animals, "born on the premises." But apparently every known variety of bird, beast, reptile and fish has representatives in this park.

Of course the monkeys received our first visit, but they were rather sedate British monkeys and did not hold our interest long. They were deliberate even when reaching for

peanuts. The only exception was one fellow from South Africa who reached for B.'s millinery rather savagely.

Of course the usual plodding, good-natured elephant was on hand, with his hurricane deck filled with children and walking as carefully as if he realized his responsibility. We passed through various houses each devoted to a single species and including descendants of every animal that went into the ark with Noah and many that did not. We saw aviary and ponds, houses for apes, cranes, ostriches, rodents, swine, bears, antelope, hyenas, camels, and reached the lions' house in time for their 4 o'clock meal.

The tortoises are immense fellows, some of them five feet long and three feet high and not very active. Their movements shattered my tottering faith in the hare and tortoise fable. Even as a fable it was fishy. The only way a hare could throw a race with a tortoise would be to go in the opposite direction. If he stood still, it would simply be a dead heat.

One large house is devoted to snakes, and it is filled with them. Every color, shape, size and design find representatives here. There are bright red snakes and glistening green ones. It was interesting but not attractive.

We had an appointment in the evening, and having started late and picked out the wrong underground railway, we had recourse to a cab. London cab-stands are in the middle of the street and the cabs face up and down from opposite sides of a post. This post bears a sign stating how many cabs may stand there. As we had hardly half an hour to go about four miles through busy streets, we selected the second horse in line as being the most promising. The driver said he could not take us and that we must take the cab in front of him. As that particular horse seemed to depend for support on the shafts more than his legs, we declined and started for another stand. Then number two pulled up to the curb and took us in. It seemed a shame to override precedent in this conservative old town, but we were in a hurry. Our horse vindicated our judgment and soon had us out of the crowded down-town streets and speeding rapidly along the almost deserted asphalt boulevard that bounds Hyde Park, and set us down at our destination with a few minutes to spare. We returned via penny bus to Oxford Circus and there changed to one for Trafalgar Square, reaching our hotel without a mishap. We now felt that we were "quite" Londoners.

August 20th. The top of a London bus is the most delightful place for sight-seeing, weather permitting. You see everything and everybody, and have no fear of collisions. You ride above the tangled mass of humanity and your horses weave in and out as placidly as though their course were unobstructed. Only two horses are hitched to one of these huge double-deckers full of people, and the course is often up-hill and frequently over cobble-stones. They jog along at a comfortable pace and hardly seem to feel their load. Their hardest work is in starting after a standstill. For that reason there are cards in all of the buses, requesting passengers to refrain from any unnecessary stopping of the vehicle. It is quite usual for ladies to get in and out without waiting for a full stop, and to show how they reverse things abroad, the ladies always face in the proper direction when alighting.

We tried shopping and succeeded in getting some simple articles. Again we were hampered by ignorance of the language. I asked in one store for hosiery. After laboriously unwrapping a parcel (all the goods were wrapped and not in boxes) the salesman spread out some underwear. I said, "No. You misunderstood me. I want hosiery." He

REGENT STREET, NEAR OXFORD CIRCUS

said, "We call that hosiery." So I asked him for what we call in America socks, not having a lexicon and not feeling sure of the British equivalent.

Wallace Collection in Hertford House is a most interesting one and not large enough to bewilder. It is not small by any means, but seems so after a visit to the British Museum. This magnificent collection, valued at twenty million dollars, was bequeathed to the nation by Lady Wallace, who died in 1897. Its French furniture and paintings excel those in the Louvre. Its collection of armor is especially interesting.

The Aërated Bread Company has about one hundred lunch rooms in London. They serve dairy lunches at low prices and the service is prompt. They are the nearest British equivalent to an American quick lunch. They are mentioned because of their peculiar tipping system. You are not permitted to fee your waitress, but in order that the self-restraint thereby imposed may be relieved, you may deposit your offering in a receptacle provided for that purpose near the cashier's desk. Every Saturday the contents are divided equally among the girls.

The National Gallery received our fleeting

attention after lunch. There we saw a $350,000 Raphael, a "Holy Family." We will never forget that price as long as we live. We also saw a painting loaned by our own Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan. He would gladly loan it to a gallery in the United States, but the same beneficent tariff that made him possible makes it impossible. We saw scores of old masters and new ones. It was pupils' day and most of the rooms had easels in them in front of which were industrious artists copying masterpieces. Hawthorne says that some artists spend their lives copying and recopying the same picture or some portion thereof, finding a ready market for their work. As in other galleries, some were painting pictures of the gallery itself, a staircase or doorway or a detached corner. These always had a crowd around them.

St. Paul's Cathedral was completed in 1710, after thirty-five years of construction. Sir Christopher Wren was the architect and received a compensation of one thousand dollars a year during the entire period. Many of Sir Christopher's ideas have been adopted by modern architects, but none more enthusiastically than the one of protracting a contract with an annual stipend attached. The building cost three and a half million dollars,

so that the architect's fee in the aggregate was not exorbitant. Sir Christopher's handiwork is much in evidence in London, and, like Michael Angelo, he has many works attributed to him with which his connection is not fully established.

We waited through what did not differ greatly from high mass except that it was in English. At a distance it resolved itself into the same hum, with the same choral interruptions. I doubt whether an inhabitant of Mars, ignorant of both languages, could have told the difference. At a quarter before five a floor-walker showed us the way to the Whispering Gallery. There an old man with a husky voice sent us to the opposite side of the dome and whispered at us. It worked like a charm. The old man's phrasing was bad, but apparently the words were delivered at our side of the dome in as good condition as when they started. We tested it for ourselves, with satisfactory results. It is over one hundred feet across and the whispering is audible only to those with their ears near the opposite wall.

We took the bus past the Bank of England, down Fleet Street, and via the Strand to the hotel. The streets surrounding the Bank of England are probably the busiest and most

crowded thoroughfares on earth. Much of the congestion is due to the use of hansoms and buses, but one shudders to think what a trolley would do to that crowd. We have had to ride inside to-day and have not taken a picture. No wonder the phrase "beastly weather" originated in London. It has made sight-seeing impossible, and as this is a veracious chronicle, not going outside of our personal experience, it means rather shabby treatment for London. But it is no shabbier than the treatment she has given us.

London retires late and rises late. Most of the shops are open in the evening and but few take down their shutters before 9 in the morning. It is difficult to get breakfast away from your hotel even at that hour. You may walk blocks and pass scores of restaurants that serve luncheon and dinner, and not see one that serves breakfast.

August 21st. Our last day for sight-seeing on this side of the water. Our ship sails to-morrow. We want to "do" the Tower, Newgate and the Bank. Perhaps if we "did" the Bank first, the other two would follow as a matter of course.

This hotel is one of the best in London, but it has one thrifty practice not followed by

TOWER BRIDGE

first-class American hotels and not in harmony with its other arrangements. Its bed-rooms and bath-rooms are filled with advertising matter. There are pamphlets and folders on the mantel and two frames of advertisements on the walls of our room.

We went to London Bridge and Tower Bridge. The former was not falling down, but was being repaired to prevent such a catastrophe. It was closed to traffic, so we crossed on Tower Bridge. This latter leads to the Tower, and it is a lift bridge between towers, so it is doubly well named.

The Tower covers thirteen acres and we only saw part of it. B. was obliged to leave her camera and chatelaine bag with a custodian outside the walls. The camera precaution is usual and proper, but we did not see why the bag was demanded. Certainly the crown jewels are in no danger from casual visitors. They are in Wakefield Tower and are enclosed in a glass case Over that is a heavy wire cage and around that is an iron railing within which four soldiers pace night and day. The jewels present a tempting array of wealth, but if the authorities knew how much stuff we have to carry now, they would realize how little attraction additional burden has for us Per-

haps if they would deliver it f. o. b. Southampton, we might accept Edward VII's coronation crown, or a mace, or that uncut ruby which traces back to the Black Prince. He received it from Don Pedro of Castile, who stole it from somebody else. The Kohinoor is not kept here, but a duplicate of it in glass is shown. The custodian looked mysterious when asked the whereabouts of the original, and intimated that its abiding-place is a state secret. The guide-book says it is at Windsor.

Our tickets did not admit us to White Tower, where Sir Walter Raleigh was incarcerated, but we went through Beauchamp (pronounced Beecham) Tower under the impression that it was Raleigh's prison, and were just as well satisfied. Its walls bear melancholy evidence of the struggle against oblivion on the part of the prisoners. They could bear to die, but not to be forgotten. Some of the lettering and coats of arms showed a world of skill and patience. From the window we could see the former place of execution, now enclosed by a railing and marked by an iron slab. Lady Jane Grey and many others met their death on that spot.

There are thirteen towers in the enclosure and every one has its dark and gruesome story. The Bloody Tower is the one worst known, for

therein Richard III compassed the murder of his two nephews.

The old wardens or "beef-eaters" lend color to the dead gray of scenery and incident in the Tower. They wear quaint hats, belted blouses and have ruddy faces. They are pensioners of some sort, and their duties do not bring them into the service of the visitor, so we had no chance to talk with them.

The Old Bailey is being demolished. Newgate Prison is in actual use, and criminals were being tried in its courtroom. As metropolitan criminals present the same aspect all over the world, and as that aspect is not an attractive one to healthy minds, we did not go in.

Our next stop was at the Law Courts near the site of Temple Bar. A beautiful memorial has been erected here, bearing deep bas-reliefs of Victoria and Edward VII on opposite sides. It is a great improvement decoratively over the old gates with heads of criminals impaled thereon. We peeped up a lane or two and knew that somewhere hereabout Goldsmith, Blackstone, Dr. Johnson and Charles Lamb had lived and studied; but without a guide and with little time to investigate, we had to console ourselves with that general knowledge.

Whitechapel is a pleasant disappointment, so

far as rampant squalor is concerned. Neither Broadway nor State Street is so clean, and we saw no begging, no drunkenness, no rowdyism. It is there, but it was not being paraded on this particular day.

Mansion House, the home of the Lord Mayor, is across from the Bank and the converging point of more streets than the Arch of Triumph in Paris. They say he lives there, but it seems impossible. No mortal could sleep in the din of that neighborhood, not even a Lord Mayor.

A small fire on Trafalgar Square gave us a view of a fire company in action. The fire burned slowly and smokily in the damp air. The engines were a long time in reaching it. The hook and ladder truck came down our street at a brisk gallop, and in place of a gong every fireman was swinging his helmet and shouting warnings to the pedestrians. There were five men to a truck, and it must have rested them to reach the fire and go into action.

They are determined to break us of the ice-water habit. A shilling was added to the table d'hote dinner bill for that beverage. The waiter was twenty minutes in getting it, and finally begged some ice from the bartender.

August 22d. This is the day we sail, and we

THE TEMPLE BAR MEMORIAL

look forward eagerly to seven days of inaction on the boat. It did not rain yesterday and photographing was possible. This has been the rainiest August in London since weather records have been kept. August, 1879, held the record hitherto, but it was shattered two days ago with eleven days to go and apparently no diminution in the supply. The average rainfall for the fifteen weeks just ended is seven and one-half inches. This year nineteen inches have fallen in the same period. It is gratifying to be present at the breaking of a long-established record, but we will be satisfied with just ordinarily bad weather on our next visit.

We had time to make a few purchases at shops that looked sleepily at us through half-opened shutters before going to the Southampton Special. Once snugly packed into our compartment, we hoped to commence resting immediately, but a guard stuck his head in at the door and asked to look at our tickets. It then developed that the endorsement on our steamer ticket was good for railroad tickets but was not an equivalent for purposes of passage. This meant that the last ten minutes in London were to be the busiest of the trip. Finally, two tickets were bought and an order taken on the ship's purser for a refund.

XVII

The Finish

WE STEPPED from our train right to the gang plank of the steamer at fifteen minutes before twelve, and the lines were cast off promptly at noon. There is a general scramble for packages. We are assured that nothing has arrived for us. It is too late to go ashore and investigate. Later we find a shipment from London and one from Venice knocking about in the vicinity of the mail box. These we carry to our stateroom and resume the search, colliding with other wild-eyed passengers who rather inconsistently murmur, "It is the strangest thing," followed by, "I never knew it to fail," as they tumble the great pile of luggage about looking for a missing piece. Our rugs and rain coats have not been found, but we cherish the hope that they may turn up yet. Under the system thus far displayed, almost anything may happen.

Our stateroom is smaller than on the German boat. It is an outside room, but is not well ventilated. As it is not on the corridor, we hope it will be quieter. We have to pass

through the dining saloon to reach the deck. This saloon is much larger and handsomer than the other, and there is a well-equipped library on board.

At Cherbourg we dropped anchor near a cheesebox-looking fort around which floated six French ironclads. Our tender, the Ariadne, was promptly alongside with a big load of laughing, bustling passengers and mountains of baggage. Good-byes were waved, the anchor was hoisted and we were fairly off with our nose pointed homeward.

Our vessel is equipped with the Marconi apparatus. At 9 o'clock, four hours after leaving Cherbourg, we learned that the usual thing had happened in the first yacht race. The London papers of the day before graphically portrayed the desperation of the Yankees and said that nothing but a hurricane could prevent Sir Thomas from winning.

August 23d. This is a creaky boat, but very steady. All night you dream that you are perched on one of a pair of Brobdignagian boots that is lifted up, swung unsteadily through the air and planted leagues ahead with much squeaking and groaning. Every part of the ship seems to rub against every other part. The cracking and snapping make you wonder

if it can possibly hold together until morning. The room steward says that it is not cold yet, but that it will be in a couple of days. That is cheering news to two people whose teeth are chattering now and whose wraps are on some foreign shore.

Our mattresses are air bags. Our cockney steward calls them "hair" mattresses. He is very attentive, but his solicitude and anticipatory preparations are rather disquieting. We find the stewardess unnecessary and have given her notice, but it is a problem how to prevent her popping in every time we press the button.

August 24th. In the cabin all day. It is cold on deck. We tried to rent rugs of the deck steward, but his were all taken. Several gentlemen tendered B. the use of theirs, but as their need was the same as hers, she declined. Although a thousand miles from land, many small birds are following us and keeping pace with our twenty miles an hour.

August 25th. We ran into a fog bank last night and are still in it. The whistle blows once a minute and did so most of the night. The table gossip to-day is of icebergs and collisions and similar cheerful subjects. This is a Newfoundland fog. As we drive through it, it feels like a fine rain.

There is a pianola in the saloon. All you have to do is to "watch the expression" on the other passengers' faces, in playing the pianola, to know when they have had enough. There seems to be no restriction as to its use. Any one holding a first-class ticket is entitled to pump away at it, regardless of age, sex or discretion.

We have not met many passengers. They are en rapport with the weather and each moves about in his own little mass of fog and longs for sunshine. Few are on deck. There has been a long, heavy swell since Sunday that interferes with all your calculations. Our course has turned south and if the fog would lift and the sun come out, this would feel less like a returning Peary expedition. There is no band or orchestra on board. No smiling German captain hands out ship's ribbons to the passengers. We have not even seen the captain and we bought ribbons of the barber.

It is not nearly so jolly a ride as the trip over. Returning passengers are never so cordial as those on the outgoing steamers. They lack the enthusiasm of mutual anticipation and are saving their choicest yarns for their untraveled friends, who will be unable to disprove their most startling statements.

Going over, there are always many old travelers who will first sound their audience, find that none has been abroad before, and then how they will dilate! Coming back, there is always the chance of some fellow saying, "Why, I was there on that day. Strange that *I* did not see that."

Many lawyers, doctors and actors are aboard. One bright little six-year-old boy will be in the support of an American actress. He is the life of the ship, as he runs about in linen kilts and sandals, bare-headed and bare-legged. He has a voice like a bell, and is very polite to his elders. This morning he stood looking over the rail at the unbroken expanse of water and remarked to a gentleman near him, "It appears to me that we are about the same place this morning that we were yesterday morning."

August 26th. We watched the Marconi machine to-day, or rather, we listened to it. It is in a small cabin aft. The messages are caught on a cross-bar at the top of a high mast rising from the after part of the promenade deck. Two wires extend from the ends of this bar to the receiving machine. It records the dots and dashes on a tape and is noiseless. The sender makes big flashes and has a

cricket-like chirp much louder than a telegraph key. The whole thing is positively "creepy" when you consider the seeming impossibilities compassed and the former ideas abrogated.

There is one bad thing about it. It shortens the restful feature of your trip just as soon as its clatter commences. The time will probably come when a man seeking absolute rest will have to charter a submarine boat and anchor at the bottom of the sea.

One can easily imagine this scene on a liner crossing in 2000 A.D. A passenger will be calmly reading on deck, having taken a slow three-day boat in order to get as much sea air as possible. Suddenly he closes his book and gazes out over the rail, and a careworn, drawn expression, such as you see on land, comes over his face.

"What's the matter, old man?"

"Oh, everything! I just had one of those wordless messages from the office. The market has gone to pieces and I have lost a hundred thousand on Air Ship Combine, preferred. I forgot that I was on the circuit until Central warned me that I must not think such things or I would be cut off. So I don't know what to think!"

By the time the boat lands the market may

have recovered, but the recuperative power of the ocean voyage is neutralized right there. Wireless telegraphy is a step in that direction and many passengers are watching for market reports and getting them to-day.

Another storm last night, and cold and raw and swelly. This trip does not compare with the trip over. Its brevity is its chief virtue. Grouchy people are sitting in the library and shivering with hats, gloves and overcoats on.

August 27th. This is our first pleasant day. The deck is full. Shuffleboard, quoits and tether-ball are all going. This is a thrifty line. A tether-ball racket disappeared for several days and the ship carries no duplicate. The deck steward hinted that we were fortunate to have had a complete set to start with. Perhaps we will feel more charitable towards the management under to-day's clear sky and balmy breeze. We have passed the Banks and are in line with the States.

An indisputable whale just swam by, bound east. He was about a mile to starboard and the black line of his back could be seen distinctly. He spouted every few seconds. It was the best thing of its kind that we have seen this trip.

Messages for transmission via Marconigram

will be received at 3 and 10 P.M. to-morrow. The price is two dollars for ten words and twelve cents for each additional word, to which is added the land rate from Nantucket or Sagapanack, L. I.

One of the prettiest sights of the return trip was a North German Lloyd steamer all lighted up, which we passed last night after dinner. It glowed and peeped at us from its cabin portholes and made a picture not transferable to canvas.

Five bells and first call for dinner. There is a complete pipe organ in the saloon. The best feature about it is that the passengers are not allowed to play on it. Speaking of the saloon reminds me that we have the least efficient table steward on the ship. In common with most men, if there is one detail of my toilet with which I do not require assistance, it is in the matter of getting spots on my clothes. This man has contributed three times to my collection. I would have to pay duty on this suit if I took it into Paris now, on the ground that it is as much food as raiment. I miss my rain coat more than ever. I would wear it to my meals if I had it.

Young lady passengers are selling programmes for the concert. The price is fifty

cents or more, depending on the susceptibility of the victim to feminine wiles. The programme is not an artistic piece of job printing.

But it was fully as artistic as the concert. The chairman put all in good humor by reminding us that ocean traveling is perilous and that we were bound together, not only by a common joy but by a common danger. Then the common danger was produced and read. It proved to be "a little thing of his own," a poem about Private Flannagan and a besieged garrison, a dash to the telegraph lines, a ball in the shoulder, a rescue and the death of the man who caused the poem. You have all heard it. Not by our chairman, perhaps, but by somebody.

The most interesting contribution was a quartet sung by native African boys from the steerage, who could not speak a word of English. They sang what resembled "Sweet By and By" in African and for an encore sang the whole three verses and chorus over again. Nobody wished to be discourteous and no one knew how to talk to them anyhow, so we all sat through it the second time. As its principal charm was its novelty and not its music, and as its novelty was considerably worn off by repetition, they were not encouraged

BOUND FOR HOME

further. The audience felt that what that quartet needed was a brakeman more than a conductor.

A young lady violinist appeared next and did fairly well alone, but when she attempted Schubert's Serenade with an accompanist, the latter finished three bars ahead and sat smiling at her friends, as much as to say, "Not bad for an amateur to beat a professional three up and several to play."

An actor gave a monologue. But as his audience was all around him, no one but a whirling dervish could have faced them all. Those behind could not hear a word, and as he did not obtain leave to print, his remarks during that twenty minutes are shrouded in mystery to half of those present.

Then came the inevitable speech-making. The chairman was from Philadelphia and sang her praises. He then called on a New York gentleman whom we will call the Doctor. The Doctor told us a great deal about New York. There the exploitation of particular cities stopped. If a little ten-year-old girl from the second cabin had not intimated differently in a song about her own United States, the "distinguished Australian" at whom the oratorical guns were leveled might

have obtained a very narrow idea of the dimensions of our country.

After the concert, with ire still stirred by the Philadelphia-New York symposium, I congratulated the chairman on his poem, and he accused me of looking like a literary genius. I said no—that my only books were cash books and ledgers. He said that I must be a poet. Like the patent medicine advertisements, he insisted that men could have poetry in their system for years and never know it. But I was firm in my denials and attributed my poetical appearance to the fact that I had been away from home six weeks and needed a haircut.

The programme sales amounted to $132 and the collection netted $175, so the fund did very well.

August 28th. There was much diversion in the water about us to-day. Porpoises, a shark and a whale were sighted this morning. We received a "wireless" to the effect that Reliance had won the second yacht race and that yesterday's was no race. We were also informed that Lou Dillon had trotted a mile in two minutes, and that the stock market was irregular.

The passengers, with the exception of the

management and participants, are all engaged in criticising the concert. It is wonderful the amount of talent on board that was overlooked. I talked on the subject to a mild-mannered young man who did not strike me as having any aspirations, and remarked that I understood that there was more and better talent in the audience than on the programme. He said "Yes" very heartily and went on to admit that he had a small sleight-of-hand stunt himself that his friends considered highly entertaining. So it seems that with the exception of ourselves, every one was aching to appear. And I believe I could have made a better speech than the Doctor made.

The sea is like glass. B. is packing. Our cabin is so small that I am considerately keeping out of her way and sitting on deck. Home, sweet home is just over yonder. We are not at all rejoiced at its proximity. It is customary to say that the most beautiful sight one sees on a trip abroad is his country's flag as he steams into New York harbor. But we would gladly forego that pleasure for another three months. We will sight Nantucket lightship this afternoon.

We just passed through a strip of turbulent water from the Nantucket shoals. It was as

distinctly marked as a river through our calm sea. We are entering a rain belt. Some one says that life is a little noise between two silences. This trip has been a little sunshine between two showers. We left New York damp and find it damp on our return.

August 29th. In New York harbor, cloudy and cold. We dropped anchor at 3 this morning and tied up to the dock at 8. The tying up of one of these ocean steamers is interesting. It involves pulling a big ship into a narrow slip not much too large for her, and it is done very quickly and with no rubs whatever. The customhouse officers boarded us at anchor and we made our declarations as to foreign purchases, signed them and swore to them. Each passenger is allowed one hundred dollars' worth free of duty for his personal use or bestowal.

Then we went to the mail box and procured a supply of labels, each bearing our initial, and pasted one on each piece of baggage. We next superintended the stacking of our belongings and B. sat down on them, a la Rhoderick Dhu. It looked like a belligerent act, but everything was piled up haphazard and some bags burst open in the handling. We did not propose to carry souvenirs all over Europe and then be wrecked in sight of port. We conveyed

our own luggage up the gangway and under the roof of the dock and there discovered what the label was for. Each letter of the alphabet had a post set apart for it, and those who did not do their own portering found their possessions at the post bearing their initial.

We struggled to our post and, having no trunks to wait for, we soon secured an unpacker and an appraiser. We drew conscientious ones who were very polite but who dove to the bottom of everything, including the soiled linen. After spreading us around until we feared we should crowd the other unpackers, we were appraised. The things that were really inexpensive, but were beautiful by association, seemed to take on a glare and dazzle on that dingy dock that we feared would deceive the appraiser. But after a long inspection he O.K.'d our declaration and took me to a desk sergeant, who caused me to swear again that the purchases were for our personal use. I swore, and more labels were pasted on our distended grips and we were free.

The weather was so bad and our arrival so early that the reception committee and band did not put in an appearance. In fact, we met the band away up on Broadway, apparently going in the wrong direction.

Travelers are prone to tell tales of robbery beyond the seas practiced on innocent tourists, but our first attempt at a business transaction on landing showed that the foreigner is a bungler, a novice. The cab rate from hotel to dock when we left New York was seventy-five cents. The cab company licensed by the American Line wanted three dollars to take us back to the hotel. And yet we have frowned over an apparent overcharge of ten cents by a Roman or Parisian cabman.

So ends our first trip to Europe. It has been a glorious success. Its fancied difficulties vanished as we approached them. Its expense was less than we expected. Its novelties and delights of people and scenery will fill memory's gallery with pictures while life shall last. Its courtesy and hospitality, although all paid for, are lessons to the jaded and hurried American. Its repose is indescribable. It is rest, recuperation and rejuvenation, with every association of bustle and business blotted out as completely as if you were on Mars. We liked it and want to go again.

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